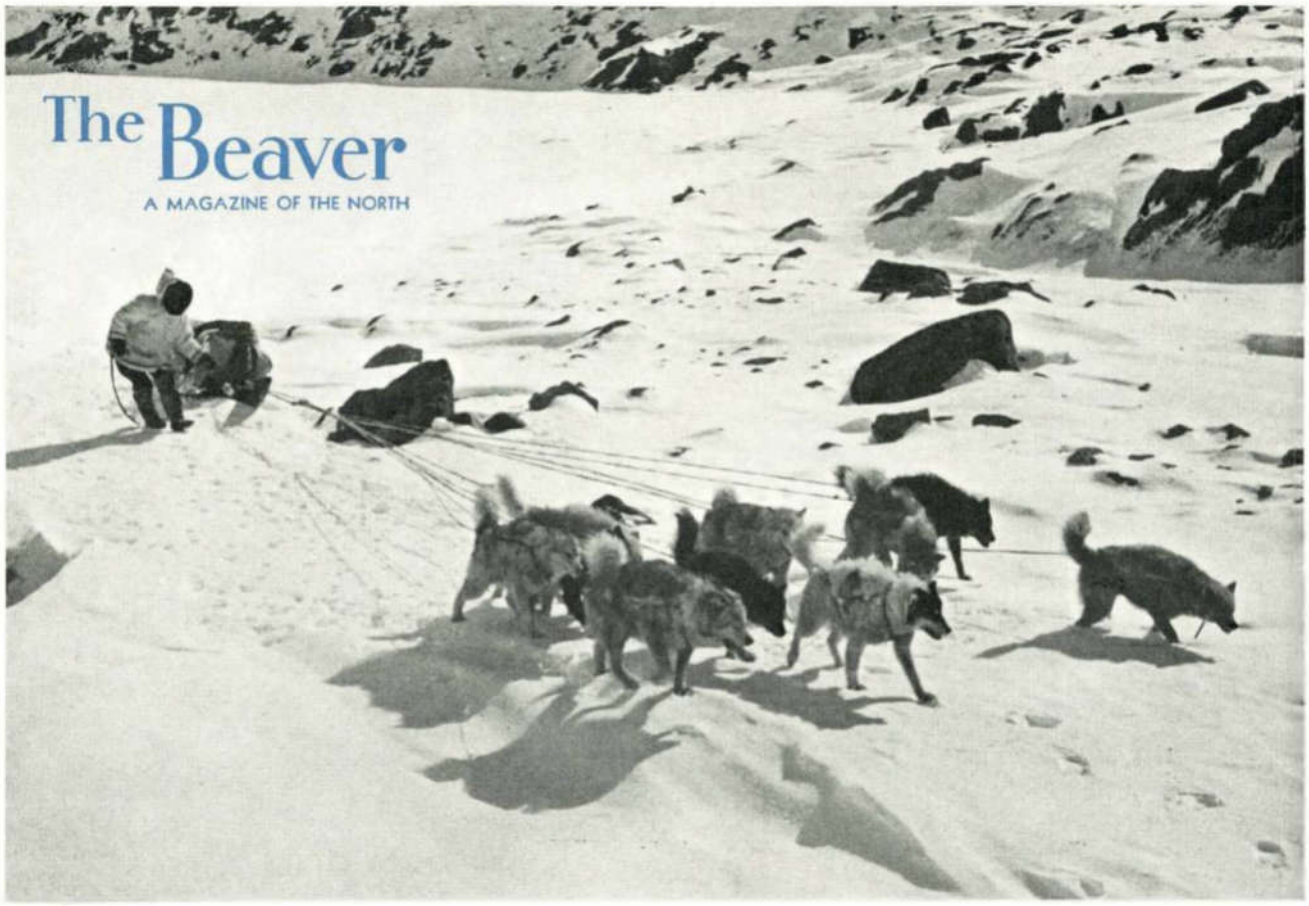
The Beaver

MAGAZINE OF THE NORTH



Bright Journey Richard Harrington

CONTENTS

OUTFIT 284 DECEMBER 1953

"Distributor" at Fort Norman—J. S. Hallam 1
Wilderness and Mr. Snifkin—Bruce Hutchison 3
Enter the European—III—Paul Wallace 7
Big Game of Canada—Clarence Tillenius 13
Fur Trade Party—II—G. F. G. Stanley 21
Stones of Mystery—E. H. Mitchell 26
Walrus at Igloolik—Richard Harrington 28
Isolation—James Houston 36
Cathedral of the North—George Hunter 38
Red River New Year—Margaret A. MacLeod 43
Lake St. John—J. Allan Burgesse 48
Journey for Frances—Frances Simpson 50
Winter Packet 55
Northern Books 57

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The Wilderness and Mr. Snifkin

by Bruce Hutchison

Cartoons by James Simpkins

Any resemblance between Champlain's dream and Snifkin's nightmare is purely ridiculous.

IN 1608 Samuel de Champlain built his lopsided Habitation on the rock of Quebec. In 1953 my neighbor, Mr. Horace Snifkin, built a new house, somewhat more lopsided, in the woods of British Columbia.

The connection between these two events, 345 years apart, may not be immediately apparent. As I shall show, they are direct cause and effect. And they represent the central illusion, the deepest tragedy of Canadian life.

The illusion takes hold of Mr. Snifkin and countless other Canadians of our generation when they suddenly discover that they are the counterparts, heirs and reincarnations of Champlain, of Radisson, Mackenzie, Fraser, Simpson and all the ancient Titans of the Canadian wilderness, slightly altered by time and circumstance, but essentially of the same poor, proud and dauntless breed.

The inevitable tragedy follows, as in Mr. Snifkin's case, when they learn by bitter experience that they are not in the least titanic, that they are only prosperous, middle-aged Canadian business men, soft in muscle, softer in the head and, worst of all, civilized. The discovery always comes too late.

Hence, though our historians seem to have missed the point, the history of Canada for about three hundred years was a struggle to escape from the wilderness, and for the last half century has been a desperate attempt to escape into it.

Of the two fundamental and opposite movements the retreat from civilization is by long odds the more painful, dangerous, costly and hopeless. From his icy fortress, it is said, Champlain first saw the Canadian Dream. Maybe so, but it has lately turned into a nightmare. The national vice of Canada is not liquor, drugs, gambling, sloth or anything so obvious. It is nostalgia and it is incurable.

Mr. Snifkin (whose exact address I conceal in ordinary Christian charity) may be taken as a dismal case history

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of the process repeated from one end of the country to the other wherever there is wilderness and men foolish enough to enter it.

Now Mr. Snifkin, as I say, was an average Canadian until the moment of his fatal decision. He enjoyed a responsible position in a certain city, friends, public respect and more than moderate means. He has lost them all. He has nothing but the wilderness, a strained sacroiliac, a cardiac condition and the ashes of a dream clutched in a calloused hand. He thought he was a *coureur de bois*. He finds he is only Mr. Snifkin.

All the woods of Canada, the swamps, mountains and tundra are crawling with Snifkins. I say crawling because they have long since lost any other means of locomotion.

The tragedy always begins harmlessly in a kind of innocent love affair between a respectable married man and the outdoors, a phenomenon too deep for Dr. Kinsey. The enamoured Snifkin intends only to construct a hunting and fishing cabin where, on the occasional week-end, he can escape his earlier love affairs and their familiar results at home.

If the thing ended there it might be safe enough. But it never ends there. For what the poor deluded Snifkin never suspects in these first moments of supposed freedom is that he is already enslaved and civilized beyond saving, that civilization will follow him like a deadly infection to the outer bounds of the wild. So will his womenfolk, who can never be escaped.

The sanctuary which was at first a shack furnished with a second-hand stove, a rough bunk or two, a few discreet bottles and other bare essentials, soon reveals an urgent, irrepressible life of its own. It grows. That is the trouble, it always grows—ravenously, unbelievably, in hideous travesty of nature, like a deformed fungus and just as poisonous.

The symptoms of this rank germination follow an invariable course as in the incubation of any saprophytic spore. First comes a stone fireplace (which provides far less heat than the original stove but much more smoke and is supposed to be in the good old Canadian tradition). Then a mechanical pump (which, if not in the tradition exactly, is expected to free the owner's hands for the more primitive pursuits of the frontier). Then electric light (demanded by Mrs. Snifkin before she will leave the city, where she has no intention of staying anyway).

When she arrives with a carload of chintz, costly furniture, a sink, a gas cooking range and an architect, you may say with assurance that Mr. Snifkin's love affair is finished. When she plants some geraniums and hollyhocks outside the door and begins to make plans for a small addition, a bedroom or two out of a magazine, then Mr. Snifkin is finished, too.

Up to that point, however, he is still happily insulated by his delusion. He has not seen the prison doors silently closing on him. Like the victim of any mortal disease in its first stages, he feels only vague pains which will pass as he hardens to his woodland pleasures.

So he begins deliberately to harden himself, with axe, saw and hammer. Remembering Champlain and his other noble ancestors, he scorns to hire expert assistance, he will do everything himself to prove his manhood, he wallows briefly in the artist's rapture of creation, he builds the new wing according to Mrs. Snifkin's directions, which change from day to day and hour to hour, and, after six months of construction, it is evident that the work could have been better done by a blind carpenter with palsy.

That is why the beauty spots of Canada are littered for three thousand miles with architecture which defies the laws of aesthetics, gravity and safety—defies everything, in fact, but the first light shower of rain.

By now the Snifkin regards himself as a seasoned builder and, perforce, also as a plumber, painter, engineer, farmer and veterinary (since naturally livestock, useless for any other purpose, have been added for decoration and atmosphere).

The man who had always insisted on efficiency in his business, who took a craftsman's pride in his factory product and made speeches to the Board of Trade on the ideals of modern industry, now observes the amorphous botch made by his own hands, at incalculable cost of money and drudgery, and his eyes are dim with emotion. Or so he thinks. Actually his optic nerves, like the others, are over-strained.

The first test successfully passed, he flexes his muscles against larger tasks, but not too much because his arms ache. He takes a deep breath but not too deep because his

chest is unaccountably sore. He spits on his hands, as he has seen labourers do, but gently, because they are blistered and cracked. He goes back to work, but not for long because he finds himself a trifle dizzy and uncertain in the legs.

This is the crisis in the disease. Left there, it might cure itself. It is never left there. For at that point the habits of a lifetime and the knowledge laboriously gathered in the city catch up with the Snifkin. He bethinks himself of the machines and gadgetry that made his success in business and wonders why he never thought of them here before. Though the wilderness and man's place in it are still sacred, it will do no harm to speed up his escape from civilization a bit by importing the tools of civilization.

So one fine morning the natives of that region, who have always hated the wilderness but don't know how to escape it, peer out from the brush with a wild surmise to behold the ultimate folly. The Snifkin has bought a tractor and is clearing land.

Now, as the natives know, he has had it. The earth of Canada has captured him and will not rest until it encloses him. By the look of the tortured figure on the tractor that won't be long now.

I leave it to the economists to figure, if they can, the cost of the Snifkin's narrow acres. He has just enough sense left not to calculate it or to admit it to his wife. I put the matter conservatively by saying that if all the useless labour of wealthy men on sterile soil, botched houses, worthless barns, superfluous boats and expensive machinery were applied to some sound purpose it would be enough to double the national income and living standard in one year.

In actual result, it only doubles up the Snifkins who, bent, aged, wrinkled and silent, lurch onward toward the appointed end. They came here in quest of freedom. They are now slaves, harder used than those whose plight once caused the American Civil War.

No one will war about them. They are almost forgotten by the world, but not quite. Before the end another horror must be endured when the barbarians, remembering them at last, now arrive gloating, full of sympathy, hunger and thirst.

These guests from the city are too cunning to arrive until all the work is done, until they are sure of spring-filled mattresses, rich food cooked by Mrs. Snifkin and ample liquid refreshment. The old canard, popular with newspaper writers and cartoonists, who have never set foot beyond the pavement, that the host of the country place always conscripts his guests into hard labour is too obviously false and pathetic to detain us here. The Snifkins have long since learned the truth but are too tired to mention it.

The truth is that the guests lie in hammocks discussing the primitive glories of the outdoors, the healthful virtues of physical toil and the indolence of the labouring classes while in their hands they grip a tall glass. They have a strong grip on essentials. When they start back for the city after the week-end they are full of appreciation, nourishment and envy of the Snifkins' carefree life. The Snifkins raise no hands in farewell. Their hands are past raising.

As against all this toil and depletion, you may say, the Snifkins have built a valuable asset, a profitable investment, a hedge against inflation, even if they themselves are deflated to the point of transparency.

There is the supreme irony of this ironical affair. It contradicts not only the laws of human endurance and gravity but also the laws of economics.

When the Snifkin has put more money into his place than he could possibly spend on wine, women, yachts or any normal extravagance, when he has expended his savings and the last remains of his energies, what has he to show for it? He has an establishment which some wiser man, some practical man of business, with no illusions, no woodsman's complex, no memories of Champlain and no curse of nostalgia, will buy for a tenth of its cost. If he is a Canadian he will then proceed to repeat the same lunacy, on a larger scale, for the benefit of another successor.

When Mrs. Snifkin becomes a widow—usually at an early age—she promptly recovers her sanity, flees to the city and lives there frugally on the remains of the estate.

The Snifkin children, educated in modern schools, have already put down urban roots and, with decent filial feelings, have sometimes extended their regrets but seldom their presence to the old folks at the end of the trail. They have learned from this grisly example and are firmly resolved to avoid it. They will avoid it, if they are lucky, until they, too, are middle-aged. Then the ghost of Champlain will haunt them also, the old dream will burst upon them unawares and the perpetual cycle of our race will unfold again, with the same consequences.

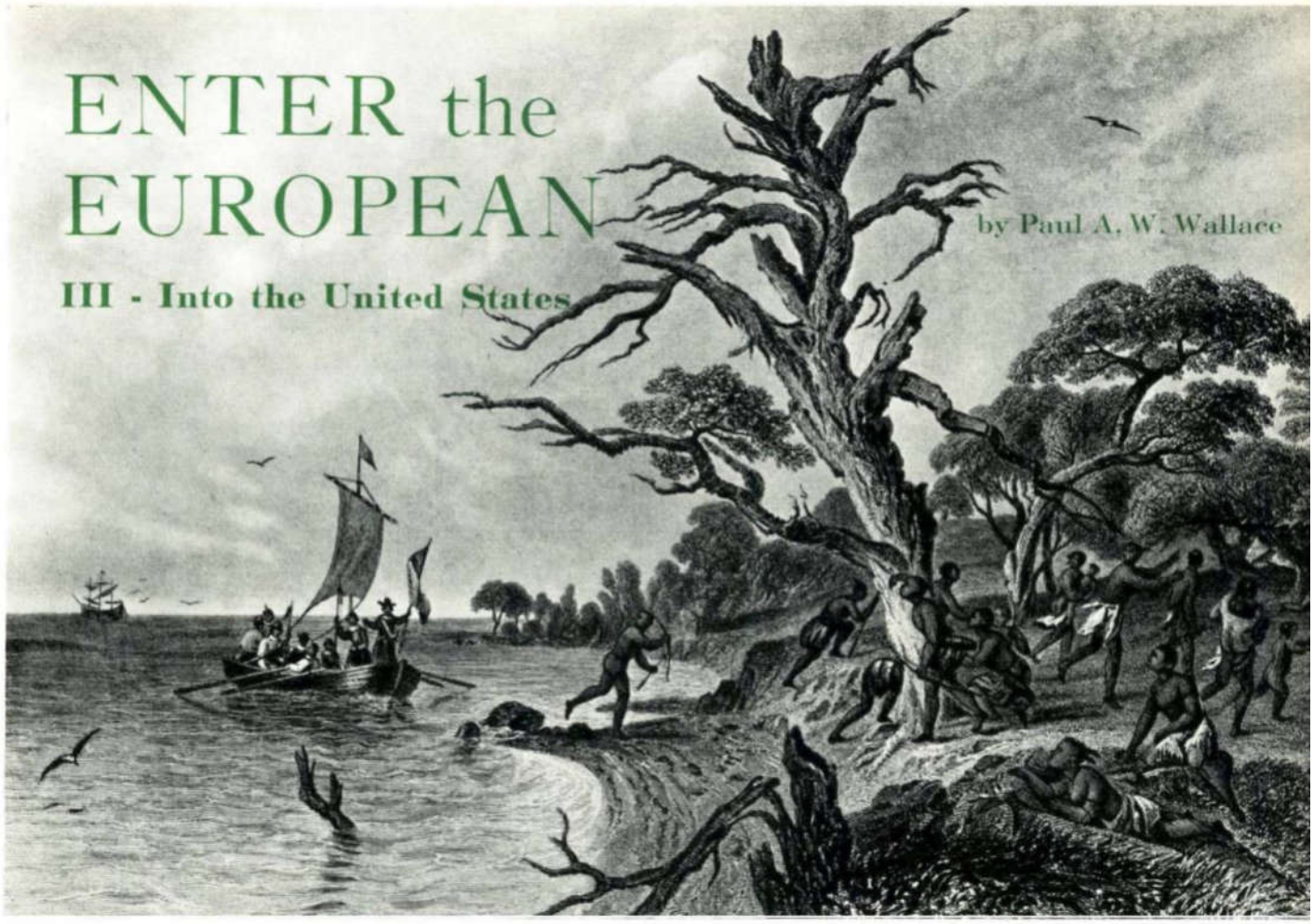
By rights this brief and restrained account of the great Canadian madness should be written in some lonely cabin, by a flickering candle, while the winds howl out of the north. In point of fact, it is written in the city beside a steam radiator, against a soothing background of music played by automotive traffic.

The writer, probably unique throughout the nation, has learned better, has retired from the wilderness, has come, just in time, to his senses. In short, I have decided after long thought that this, after all, is the twentieth century. I have accepted the year A.D. 1953. I have acknowledged at last that the historians are right and that Champlain died in 1635. But I don't expect the Snifkins, present and future, to believe it. This would no longer be Canada if they did. ♦

ENTER the EUROPEAN

III - Into the United States

by Paul A. W. Wallace



The English landing in Virginia, 1584. From an engraving after Seth Eastman in Schoolcraft's "Indian Tribes of the United States."

Third in the series of articles on the contacts of white men with natives of the New World, this contribution deals with the Indians of what is now the United States of America.

WHEN Europe discovered America, she ran smack into a problem that has bedeviled her offspring on this side of the Atlantic ever since: what to do about the American Indian, who was here first—remove him, enslave him, exterminate him, teach him a trade and make him half white, amalgamate with him, or leave him alone?

In North America, after more than four hundred years of searching, we have found no final answer, for the problem changes its shape as the years go by and men's horizons expand. Today a freshened concern for the rights of man, as interpreted by a Christianity enlightened and fortified by the researches of modern anthropology, has brought the problem before us more insistently than ever. Canada, the United States, and Mexico have each to meet it in their own way. In these pages we are concerned chiefly with the United States, where the question now presses in a somewhat new form: What is best for the Indians who are still living here, recovering from a period of near extinction, but so rapidly increasing that they are already as numerous as they were when the white man first came to their country, and now show signs of becoming politically powerful?

What is best for the Ojibwa canoemen, guides, trappers? What is best for the Mohawk steel workers, the Navaho sheep raisers and hand-loom weavers, the Zuni jewelry makers, the famous Pueblo potters of San Ildefonso? What is best for the Apaches of the San Carlos Reservation, marketing beef cattle at the rate of over a million dollars a year? What is best for the picturesque Indians our tourists like to see: movie actors in Siouan war bonnets, sellers of turquoise-on-silver jewelry, dancers and singers in pageants like the "Stand Rock" Ceremonials held annually by the Winnebago Indians?

Paul A. W. Wallace, Ph.D., is editor of "Pennsylvania History," and the author of several books on the American Indian. He is at present making a survey for the Pennsylvania Historical and Museum Commission of the historic Indian paths of that state.

What is best for Indian painters like Acee Blue Eagle, a Creek-Pawnee of Oklahoma, who has lectured on Indian art at Oxford University; wood carvers like the Cherokee, James Going Back Chiltoskey, who in World War II made topographic models of the coast for the North African invasion; authors like Dawendine (Bernice Loft Winslow), whose poem in memory of her father, Chief Sharenkhowaneh of the Mohawks, is a classic—or the mystery-story writer, Todd Downing, Choctaw, of Crime Club fame; athletes like Jim Thorpe of the Sac and Fox tribe, or Emerson Metoxen of the Wisconsin Oneidas; ballerinas like the Osage, Maria Tallchief of Oklahoma, who joined the Ballet Russe of Monte Carlo and married her director, George Ballanchine?

When Indian and white man first met, there was wonder and delight on both sides. To the Indians, the coming of fair-skinned voyagers from across the Great Waters seemed the fulfillment of ancient prophecies. To the white men, the welcoming generosity of these quiet-spoken people who lived amid the wonders of the New World, seemed to come straight out of the mythical Golden Age. "They are a loving people," wrote Columbus, "without covetousness, and fit for anything. . . . They love their neighbors as themselves, and their speech is the sweetest and gentlest in the world."

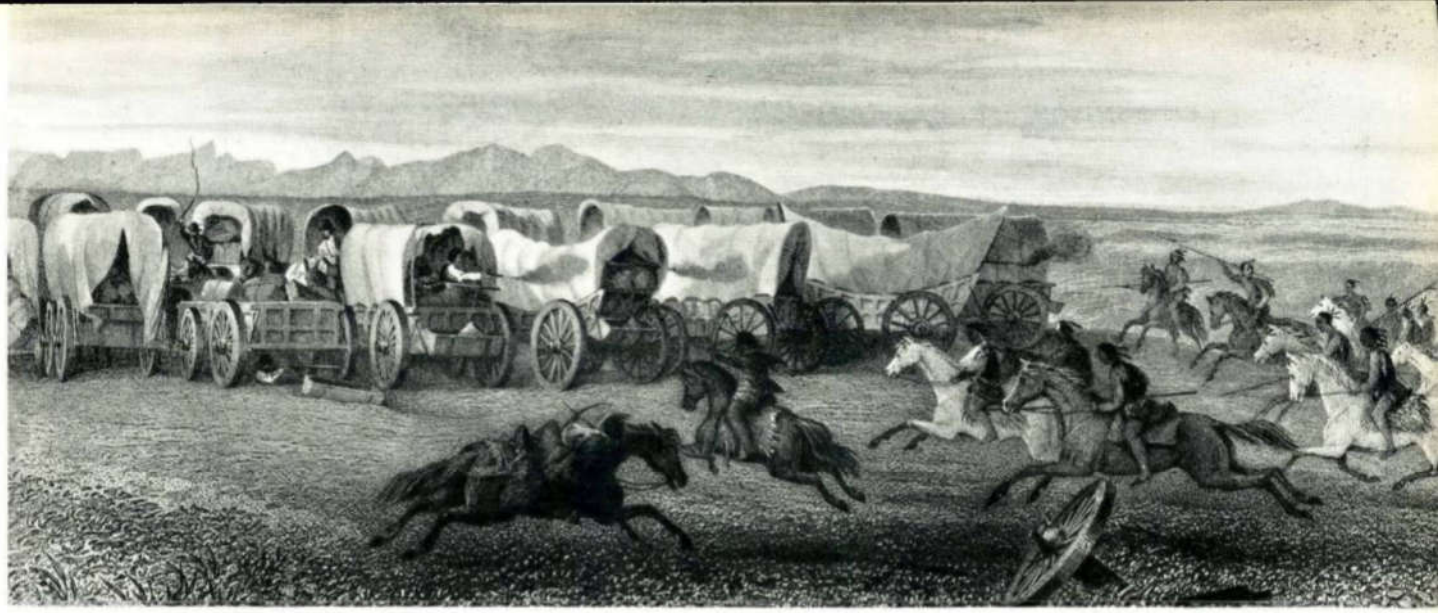
But Columbus himself started the vogue of kidnapping the natives ("Indian Captivities" began on our side of the fence), and soon the white people unleashed a fury of murdering rapacity that drew the natives' shocked reprisals in self defense. When that time came—at different stages in the development of the different colonies, early in Massachusetts, late in Pennsylvania—race relations hardened into a set pattern in the minds of most white people: "The only good Indian is a dead Indian."

We need not blame the settlers. Caught up as they were in one of the great mass movements of mankind, seeking new homes and freedom for themselves and their families, they were unaware of any ethical problem involved in their making "improvements" on the Indians' sparsely settled lands. We cannot blame the Indians, either, for rebelling, sometimes with violence, against the cruel pressures of an expanding white population. Indian and white man alike were caught up in a great human tragedy, all the more terrible because it was "inevitable"—inevitable in the sense that it was beyond man's ability, at that stage of human development, to understand or control it. Of course, the accountability of individuals who cheated and murdered to gain their ends is not to be shrugged off. The excuse of "cosmic tragedy" cannot be pleaded for rascals like Lazarus Stewart and Colonel Williamson, responsible for the massacre of innocent Indians, the one at Conestoga, Pennsylvania, the other at Gnadenhütten, Ohio. But, even if there had been no such incidents, no fraudulent Walking Purchase, no Cherokee "Trail of Tears," no massacre of Wounded Knee, the tragedy would have run its course. Great bodies of population were on the move. The Indian had to "move over," even though it meant moving off the log; and responsibility for the resettlement of displaced persons was not one that most nations in those days would accept. "Devil take the hindmost" passed for international law.

The ferocity of the race conflicts that sprang up is to be explained, in part at least, by the character of the white men who first came here to explore, trade, and settle, and whose successors remained on the frontier, pushing the Indian back—pushing him back across the Allegheny Mountains, across the Ohio River and the Mississippi, across the plains to the Little Bighorn where General Custer met Sitting Bull. They were, by and large, these white pioneers, an energetic, adventurous, restless people to whom conflict seemed to be the basic principle of life. They were fiercely independent in spirit. Having shaken off allegiance to established societies in the old world, they were not too curious about their responsibilities to alien peoples in the new. They were acquisitive, explorers in search of gold, promoters of land companies, or plain squatters prospecting each for a "tomahawk claim" near some convenient Indian path, preferably at an Indian field where the ground had already been cleared. With all their good qualities, and they had many, it cannot be denied that too often greed, ignorance, and fear—the seeds of intolerance—marked their attitude towards their predecessors on the land. "The Indian," they said, "has no more soul than a buffalo," and many of their spiritual leaders applauded. If you doubt, read Cotton Mather, or the ballad of "Lovewell's Fight":

. . . good young Frye
Who was our English chaplain, he many Indians slew
And some of them he scalp'd when bullets round him flew.

The Indian, on the other hand, while inferior in the mechanical arts of civilization, was probably more mature pyschologically than the white frontiersman who confronted him. Certainly he was more tolerant. He never doubted that the white man had a soul as well as the buffalo. Enjoying a tranquil sense of oneness with the universe around him, not unlike that expressed in the poems of William Wordsworth, he regarded *harmony* rather than *conflict* as the law of life, though he was too practical not to train his young warriors to defend themselves. He drew spiritual sustenance, as the isolated white frontiersman could not, from the age-old society of his own people, finding deep satisfaction in their religious ritual, their songs, their thanksgiving dances, and their intricate web of social duties. He owned private property, though not real estate. He could never bring himself, even after centuries of contact with white men, to look upon his "mother," the earth (from whom he had come and to whom he would return), as a chattel. He was generous and hospitable, sharing his possessions with anyone who needed them, and doing it cheerfully although in the act he might seem to be impoverishing himself. He was an individualist and, in his political life (which was very vigorous) was, like the Frenchman of today, much given to splinter parties—a trait on which the white man seized as a weapon with which to destroy him. The Indian fought well when he had to, but he was by nature peaceable.



Covered wagon train attacked by Comanches on the western plains. From an engraving in Schoolcraft's book after a drawing by Capt. Seth Eastman.

Columbus noted that the people of Haiti had no inclination for weapons.

The greatest crimes which the white man has committed against the Indian have been, not the cheating and murder which have stained his record, but his open contempt, his wilful incomprehension of the Indian mind, his insensitiveness to the beauty and spiritual power of many of the Indian's beliefs. Fenimore Cooper, who made no pretensions to knowing the Indian at first hand, has by the skill of his fiction led whole generations of readers to look on the Indian either as pure devil (the Mingoes) or (reserving this commendation for the Delawares) as a somewhat maundering "noble savage" always striking a posture. This literary claptrap has become a popular stereotype and has colored—indeed, it has virtually determined—the white man's attitude to the Indian for a hundred years past, thus preventing the intelligent understanding which must precede any proper solution of the Indian problem.

An illustration lies at our doors: the famous Five Nations or Iroquois Confederacy (the Six Nations after the Tuscaroras joined them) whose ancient political structure has been preserved to this day on the Six Nations Reserve near Brantford, Ontario. Although something of its mechanism had been observed by white men for centuries, it was not until the studies of anthropologists in recent years awakened us to the genius of its conception that white men came to any full sense of its significance. Even the French Jesuit missionaries, sensitive observers and good students of anthropology as they were, failed to grasp its meaning. It was too far ahead of their time. Only recently, in the twentieth century, has the white man's political thinking caught up with the idea embodied in the Iroquois Tree of Peace with branches broad enough to shelter all the nations of the earth.

The Five Nations Confederacy was conceived by its founders as the nucleus of the world-wide federation. The strength demonstrated by the union of the original five was expected to attract other nations which, tired of war, would gladly join in an effort to make the Great Peace, as they called their system, universal. Founded about the middle of the fifteenth century, it had by 1700 become so powerful that, although its home population was no more than twelve or fifteen thousand men, women, and children, the Five Nations presided over a territory comparable in extent with the ancient Roman Empire. It was not, however, the physical achievement of the Confederacy that made it so remarkable. It was rather the hold it had over men's minds by reason, in part at least, of the ethical motive which had gone into its making and which still inspired many of its activities. It was the Five Nations, for instance, which, during the first half of the eighteenth century, looked after the multitudes of displaced persons—Shawnees, Tuscaroras, Delawares, Tuteloes, Nanticokes, and many others—whom the white men had driven from their homes.

The legend of Deganawidah, founder of the Five Nations—a legend transmitted orally for centuries and first written down sixty-eight years ago by a Canadian Indian, Seth Newhouse—is one of the great culture legends of mankind. For ages this story, together with the songs and other ritual accompanying it, was accepted by the Iroquois as their Bible. It is still held in reverence among them.

According to this narrative, a prophet, Deganawidah, was sent to earth by the Great Spirit, the Holder of the Heavens, to save men from extermination in war by teaching them how to unite and organize their common strength. This was the "Message of Peace and Power" which Deganawidah was to teach.

He was born into a Huron family on the north shore of Lake Ontario, near the Bay of Quinte. The Mohawks, by whom he was later adopted, have recently put up a stone monument not far from Belleville to mark his birthplace.

On coming to manhood, he crossed the lake to the land of the Iroquois, where the Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas, and Senecas, strung out along the War Path that ran from the Hudson River to the Genesee, were constantly raiding one another's towns and being separ-

ately attacked and defeated by the powerful Algonkin peoples around them. The peace proposals he brought to these tough realists had no sentimental fluff about them. He was a soundly practical man who knew that peace must be given a political body, well organized and armed, with a due regard to the history and customs of the several nations comprising it. With great skill he worked out the details of a confederacy so contrived that sovereignty was left with each individual nation without unduly weakening the power for action of the whole.

His first convert was Hiawatha—who has little but the name in common with Longfellow's Ojibwa hero. Deganawidah had been warned against Hiawatha as a sorcerer who indulged in the horrible practice of cannibalism. But, determining to make here the initial test of his own powers, the bearer of the Great Spirit's message sought him out. Finding no one in his cabin, Deganawidah climbed to the bark roof to wait. Stretching himself out at full length and looking down through the smoke-hole, he saw below him a large pot full of water set over the fire.

Soon Hiawatha returned. Looking into the pot, he saw there the reflection of a face. It was Deganawidah's, but Hiawatha thought it was his own, since there was no one with him in the cabin. The mingled strength and sweetness of it touched and disturbed him.

"It must be my face," said Hiawatha, "but it is not the face of one who kills his fellow men."

Seeing in that countenance the possibilities of human nature, and of his own nature, he resolved henceforth to be more himself and to give over the killing of men.

Then Deganawidah came down from the roof and, sitting beside the fire, across from his host as etiquette demanded, he gave him the Message of Peace and Power. Hiawatha "took hold" of it, and offered himself as a disciple. Together the two men, Deganawidah the lawgiver and Hiawatha his spokesman (for Deganawidah had an impediment in his speech) visited the five nations and persuaded them, one after another, to come under the Tree of Peace and form a union called *Kanonsionni*, the Longhouse, because it contained a number of separate fires (in Iroquois fashion) under one roof.

"I see a better day," said Deganawidah. "Our children shall play in safety. Our hunters shall not hide their trails. Our women shall sing in the cornfields. We shall be feared, but we shall be just. Wailing shall be heard no more, nor the blood of men seen in the woods."

John Collier, former U.S. Commissioner of Indian Affairs, recently described the League of the Iroquois as "a social institution which may well stand today as the most brilliant achievement in the record of man." Unfortunately for its development, the coming of the white man diverted the Indian's thoughts from constructive efforts for peace to the necessities of war for survival.

The history of the white man's relations with the Indian is dark, but not so unrelievedly black as, in our more introspective and self-critical moments, we are inclined to suppose. There have always been individuals among the white people who understood and befriended "those who came out of this ground," and here and there whole bodies of men like the Quakers and the Moravians have seriously tackled the Indian problem and contributed to its solution.

During early colonial days, when Indian affairs were left pretty much to the colonial governments, the common pattern of events was something like this: encroachment by settlers on Indian lands; bloodshed, the white man usually committing the first murders; Indian retaliation; war, ending in defeat for the tribe and the cession of its lands. Lord Dunmore's War (1774) on the western border of Virginia, which was set off by the murder of the Indian Logan's family, was a piece of real-estate promotion. White men provoked the explosion, and white men gathered the spoils. The war gave Lord Dunmore an excuse for claiming the Shawnee lands.

In the middle of the 18th century, the approach of the French and Indian War showed the need of change in the handling of Indian affairs. Colonial governments, being

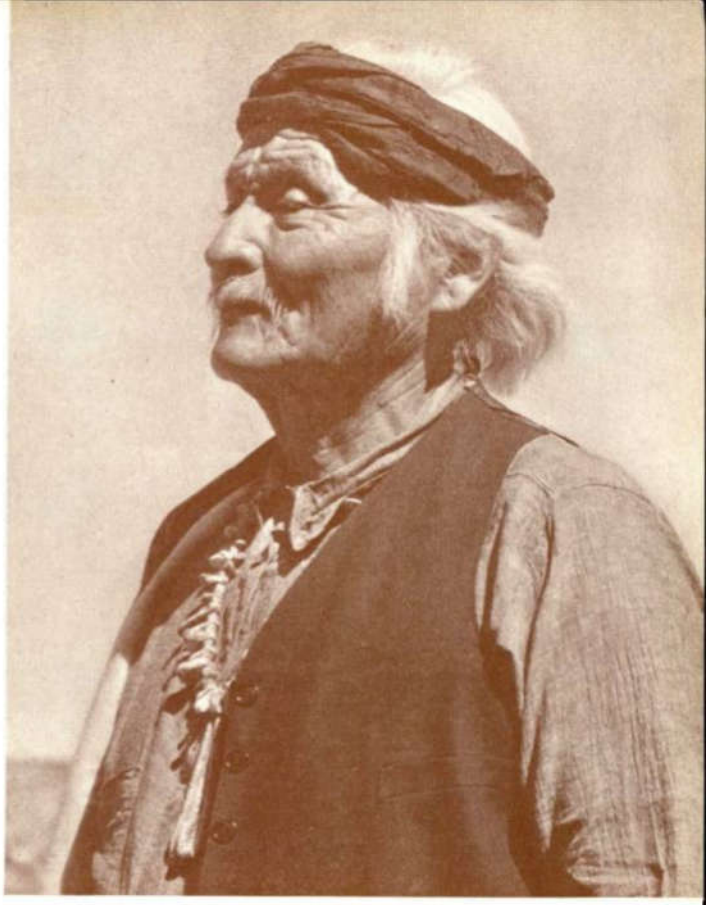
War dance of midwestern Indians. The central figure represents a prisoner at the stake. On his right and left are Keeokuk and "Morgan," war chiefs of the Sauks and Foxes respectively. The middle drummer is Quasquawma, formerly civil chief of the Foxes, who was deposed in favour of the man behind him when he allowed the tribe to be cheated out of some mineral bearing lands by "a certain general acting as commissioner." From a water colour by Peter Rindisbacher. Courtesy West Point Museum.

unable to control their land speculators, and these latter providing, by their continual provocation, fuel for French propaganda among the tribes, the Imperial government took Indian affairs under its own control in order to assure a steadier and more conciliatory Indian policy. The results, for a time, were excellent. Sir William Johnson, appointed Superintendent of the Northern District, succeeded in keeping the powerful Six Nations loyal to their English alliance. The Proclamation of 1763, induced by the flare-up of Pontiac's War, reaffirmed the policy of Indian conciliation by forbidding encroachment on Indian lands. The Treaty of Fort Stanwix established a definite Indian boundary. Unhappily the actual maintenance of that boundary was left to the individual colonies, with the result that Indian, frontiersman, and land promoter were soon caught up again in the old cycle of encroachment, reprisals, and war. George Croghan, the trader, in 1773 estimated that some sixty thousand persons were settled in the Indian country between Pittsburgh and the mouth of the Ohio.

The Revolution swept away Imperial controls, but not the legal principle on which they had been founded. The United States in its turn recognized Indian title to land. But the pressure for westward expansion was not to be abated. "Manifest Destiny" required the extinction of Indian title. How this was accomplished, often in defiance of the law, reaching a climax in Andrew Jackson's infamous Indian Removal Act of 1830, makes a story not inadequately summed up in the well-known title, *A Century of Dishonor*. It inspired Will Rogers, himself part Indian, to make the wry comment, "It is to the everlasting disgrace of the Indian that he allowed the *Mayflower* to land."

The idea advanced by some Spanish clerics (but denounced by Las Casas and rejected by the Pope) that unbelievers could not hold title as against believers, never took root here. Neither did we, in law at least, advance the claim that men of European descent, as being "superior" to the Indian, had the right to dispossess him. All the same, after recently fighting two world wars to extinguish the claims of a "master race," we look back with some uneasiness on our own history, remembering how difficult it has been to restrain men like Colonel Williamson, who said of the Muskingum country in Ohio that it was too good for the "yellow" people who occupied it, and whose militia murdered, in cold blood, over ninety Christian Indians in their mission town of Gnadenhütten on that river.

The amalgamation of the two races has again and again been advocated by both Indians and white men. "The ultimate point of rest and happiness for [the Indians]," wrote Thomas Jefferson, "is to let our settlements and theirs meet and blend together, to intermix, and become one people." Pontiac, Tecumseh and Black Hawk had no faith in this solution. They sought instead to form an independent Indian state, strong enough to hold the white man off. But the idea of amalgamation persisted. It was in the mind of the Shawnee Chief Cornstalk when, at Louisville in 1784, he proposed that the Big Knives (Virginians) "send their young warriors to our nations, and let them fetch our young squaws, and then our young warriors will come and fetch your young squaws, and soon everything will be Big Knife." So also in the next century spoke the western prophet, Wovoka (born in Nevada), who said he had seen the Great Spirit in heaven and heard him declare "that the Whites and Indians were to be all one people."



Humour, dignity and wisdom can be read between the lines on the face of this old Navaho. Milton Snow for Navajo Service

The allotment system, introduced towards the end of the nineteenth century, was an abortive attempt to reach the same goal. "Abolish tribal ownership of the land," was the cry. Give each Indian his own small tract of land. Break up his society: it is a drag on him. Make him acquisitive, like the white man, and all the other essential virtues will follow: diligence, thrift, and membership in the Home Owners' Association.

In practice, the allotment system was found to work quite the other way. Destroying the society which nourished the Indian's soul, it destroyed his initiative, lost him his home (the real-estate men saw to that), and left him a pauper. But the allotment system did one good thing. It served to demonstrate what Sam Slick had once put in this way: "All critters in nater are better in their own element." It showed that the individual Indian owed more than had been supposed to his native culture. Giving him a bankbook did not make him sensitive to the white man's system of values, nor did the possession of a bankbook compensate for the mental harm done him by cutting the associations on which his native system of values had been founded.

It is true that men must change. It inevitably happens that, as the world revolves and knowledge increases, certain of man's customs, fetishes, taboos, wear out and lose their potency. There can be no life without change. Stagnation is death. But healthy change comes from within, a spontaneous adaptation to changing environment. The white man in America has himself changed much during the last three hundred years, but he has changed in his own way and at his own tempo. So it should be with the Indian.

Foremost among those in the past who have understood this were the Moravians. Their great Indian mission work was successful because they did understand this elementary principle of anthropology. Their concern was not so much to save souls for the next world as (like the good Samaritan) to help injured persons in this one. They tried to lift the Mahicans and Delawares out of the paralyzing sense of frustration that was seizing them, out of the misery and degradation into which the white man's unfeeling rapacity was pushing them. The Moravian missionaries lived among the Indians, shared their activities: hunting, corn raising, sugar boiling. They showed them how to build better houses, raise better crops. They taught them trades and taught them to read. In a word, they helped their brown brethren to breast "the wave of the future." They showed them how to compete with the white man *on their own terms:* without, that is, losing their identity as Indians.

Unhappily wars and the consequent lawlessness of the border again and again forced their removal from the model towns they built wherever they went. At last, after fifty years of wandering, they came to rest at Fairfield, on the banks of the Thames River, between Chatham and London, Ontario. Their descendants may be seen there to this day, a living memorial to one of the noblest experiments in race relations ever attempted on this continent.

What about an Indian renaissance? Is it possible? Is it desirable?

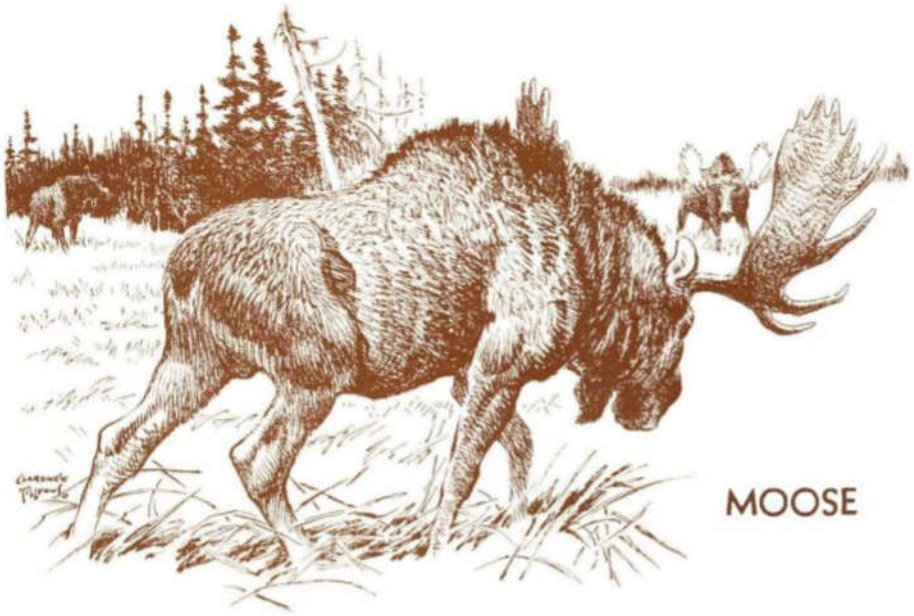
The Indian has survived centuries of oppression. He has come through his ordeal changed, but with one supreme gift untouched. It is a secret the white races could afford to learn from him for their own security during these perilous days, when there are enough H bombs lying around for a madman such as perished in the ruins of the Berlin *Kanzlerei*, if he got his hands on them, to blow our civilization back into atoms. If that day comes, we shall need for our survival what has helped the Indian to his: qualities which, in the words of John Collier, have made the Indians "cohesive, resistant and recuperative."

The Indian is changing rapidly. It is a far cry from Pocahontas to Maria Tallchief Ballanchine. Joseph Brant, if he came back today, would hardly recognize his Mohawks: the best high-construction steel workers on the continent, who have raised the New York skyline to be their monument. For that matter, George Washington would hardly know his people, or George the Third his. We are all changing. Change is inescapable and healthy—provided its impetus is allowed to spring from within.

"Today our people must have education," said Julius Cook, "if we are to survive. We must learn to think like the white man. But we must also hold fast to the best elements of our own native culture. If we lose the latter, we will die inside."

What shall we do about the Indian? We cannot wipe him out, and there is no use trying to keep him primitive: he won't stay put. But let us not try to make a white man of him. Let him be himself: resistant, adaptable, changing at his own speed; peaceable but a good fighter; intense but unhurried; incomprehensible to most white men in all things but one—his imperishable instinct for survival. •

In surroundings belonging to the white man's civilization, Navahos hold a tribal election. Indian Rights Association



BIG GAME OF CANADA

MOOSE

Words and Pictures
by Clarence Tillenius

In the chill stillness of dawn when the pearly mist is lifting off the lake, the hunter bedded down by the embers of his campfire may be roused by the sound of splashing. Across the narrow bay a great black form looms out of the fog, water cascading from the twin shovels of his antlers as he brings to the surface a dripping mass of water lilies.

The moose is unique. There is something electrifying in a mere glimpse of this mighty hump-shouldered beast, a vague feeling that here is a relic from a bygone age. And so he is. Fossil bones differing not greatly from moose of the present day, found intermingled with those of the mammoth in both the eastern and western hemispheres, and a pre-historic carving on rock from China, show that he was known also to our ancestors in the dawn of time.

The Kenai peninsula harbors the most imposing modern specimens. Individuals with an antler spread of over six feet and reaching an estimated weight of 1600 pounds have been taken. Yet heads almost equally large have come from several provinces of Canada.

Moose calves, usually two, are born in May and are reddish brown, not dappled like the young elk. They stay with their mother through the first winter.

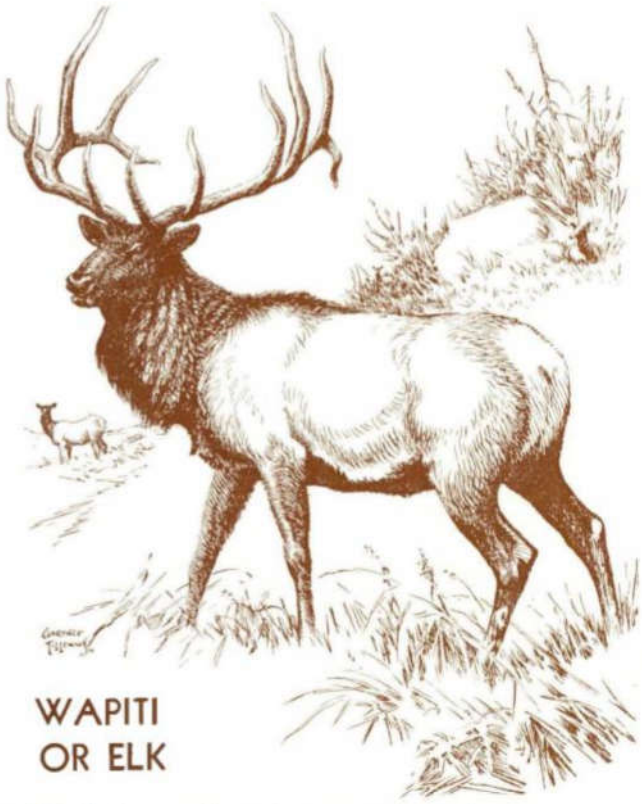
The moose, like the elk, must retreat as settlements advance: the wilderness is his home: when the wilderness exists no longer, the moose will have departed with it.

The shrill whistling bugle of the bull elk, echoing and re-echoing from the aspen-covered hills, is one of the most stirring sounds that autumn in Canada has to offer. The gamboge yellow of the poplars, the crimson and scarlet of the pincherry and the ruddy brown and golden ochre of the bur-oaks which clothe the hillsides like a vari-coloured mosaic form a fitting background for this great deer. In the fall he is seen at his best. The lofty branching antlers, newly cleaned, their ivory tips gleaming, are tossed like twigs and the forest resounds with the crash of broken branches as the bulls charge the bushes in preparation for the furious battles that mark the mating season.

For the elk, the most polygamous of deer, the favours of the gentle sex go to the strongest in war, and one may see harems of thirty cows or more being rounded up and jealously guarded by one battle-scarred bull.

The rut takes place in October, the dappled twin calves are born in May or June and by their second year are preparing to raise families themselves.

Unlike the moose, the elk is a grazer, and so, when deep snows bury the grass on the high hills where he chooses to spend the summer, he comes down into the valleys. At this time the settler's haystacks pay heavy toll, for no fence restrains the elk, and a herd of forty animals will in a few days reduce a haystack of as many tons to a shambles.



WAPITI
OR ELK

The talents of Clarence Tillenius of Winnipeg as an animal artist are rapidly coming to be more widely recognized by American as well as Canadian publishers. His detailed studies of North American fauna during several years have given him a knowledge of their habits as well as their anatomy, and here he uses his pen to describe as well as to depict them.

GRIZZLY BEAR

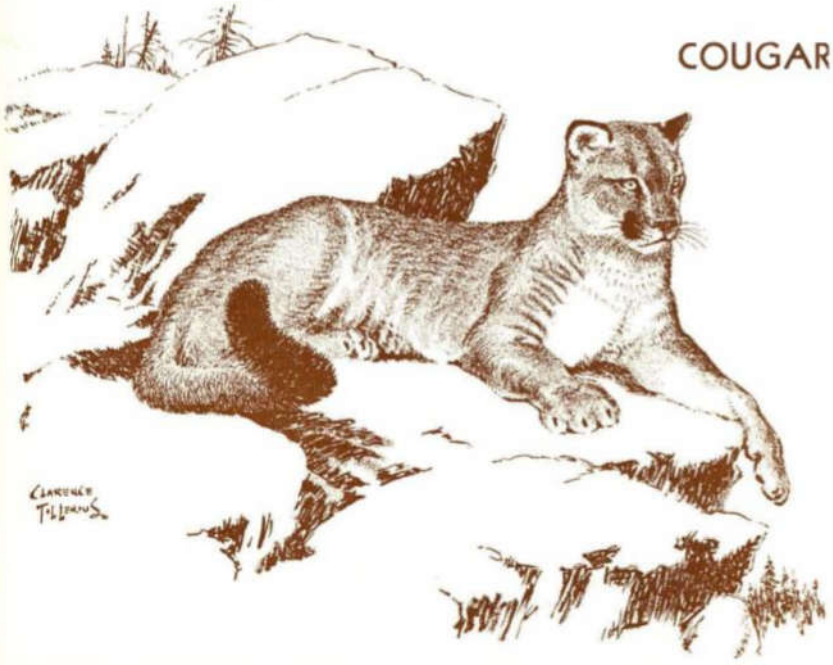
In complete contrast to the happy-go-lucky black bear, the purposeful stride of the grizzly conveys an instant impression of power and dignity which closer acquaintance confirms. A terrible antagonist when aroused, the grizzly prefers to avoid trouble and shuns man and all his works. Grizzlies hibernate in late fall, and normally produce young every other year. The two to four cubs, born about January, follow their mother until their second year.

This magnificent bear is extinct through most of his former range, and wherever he is found in any numbers adjacent to ranch land his occasional depredations among cattle cause a vociferous outcry for his further drastic reduction. Yet his presence, known or suspected, lends an awesome charm to the mountains he inhabits, and it would be sad indeed if he were to follow the great golden bear of California into extinction.

There is no typical grizzly colour. There are yellow, brown, grey, and black grizzlies; but in many specimens the hairs are tipped with white or silver. This gives the bear the "grizzled" colour from which he is named.

The bulk of his diet is made up of surprisingly small items for such a powerful animal. Roots, berries, ants, grubs, small mammals, fish, even carrion; all are acceptable. With his enormous ivory coloured fore-claws, he will excavate tons of earth and rock to obtain one small marmot.

COUGAR



A shadowy gleam of yellow grey among the deadfalls, large cat-like pug marks on a muddy path, or a half-eaten deer carcass covered with earth and leaves are all that most men living in cougar country will ever see of this huge cat, who is variously known as Cougar, Puma, Panther, Painter, or Mountain Lion. They are phenomenal travellers, covering as much as fifty miles in a night. Yet no animal is seen so seldom by the hunter. This gives some idea of the ability of the cougar to avoid man, of whom he is instinctively afraid. Yet he is comparatively easy to hunt with dogs. Weighing up to 200 pounds and more, and powerful enough to kill and devour a horse, he will often take to a tree when pursued even by a small terrier that could be wiped out with one blow.

Though in time of scarcity any flesh food will be taken, their favorite food is undoubtedly deer, and, in the high mountains, sheep and goats. Contrary to popular belief, they do not often drop from a high branch or overhanging ledge on their prey. This does happen, but their more favoured method is to sneak from cover to cover like a flattened shadow until near enough to seize the quarry with one lightning rush.

The adult cougar's coat is tawny grey or reddish yellow, the face especially beautifully marked with black, white, olive brown, blue-grey and yellow, but the two to five kittens are heavily spotted with dark brown on tan. As with almost all cats, the female must keep these carefully hidden in her den among the rocks, since swift death would be their fate should the male stumble upon them unguarded.

The black bear, when unconscious of being watched, seems perpetually at a loss to know how to put in his time. Head down, snuffing and grunting to himself, he noses toward a rotten stump as if in quest of a favorite food: ants. Before he reaches it, another thought strikes him. He whirls as though to climb a nearby tree; then, still looking into vacancy, he sits down and absentmindedly scratches his ear. Then perhaps, sauntering off in still another direction, he finds what fills him with a frenzy of enthusiasm—a bumble bees' nest. Unmindful of stings, he stuffs bees, "honey-pots" and all into his maw, and strolls on his way. But let one whiff of man-scent reach him. With a *whoof!* and a crash of brush he is gone like a black streak.

The black bear's diet is even more varied than the Grizzly's. *Anything* is eagerly welcomed; when wild food does not suffice, he is not above lifting a fat pig or sheep from the settler's pens.

Like most of his kind, the black bear hibernates. He sleeps lightly, though, and has often been seen wandering in the depth of winter, having been most likely frightened out of bed by some unexpected intrusion. Black bears usually breed every year. The cubs, usually two, and no larger than rats, are born about January and leave their mother in late fall to seek out a winter den.

BLACK BEAR

POLAR BEAR

Almost as white as the snow that for most of the year mantles the regions he inhabits, the Polar bear seems an embodiment of the Arctic solitudes.

Enormously powerful, and a marvellous swimmer, Nanook is seldom found far from the sea from which comes his sustenance. Seals, shellfish, sea birds' eggs, fish, lemmings, foxes make up his usual fare. A stranded whale is a rare treat and in times of stress he has been known to overcome even the mighty walrus. This last feat may seem incredible to many people unfamiliar with the Polar bear and the size to which he grows: an undoubtedly reliable report by a scientist who weighed a large male piecemeal on a platform scales gave the astounding weight of 1700 pounds. Moreover, though a 9′6″ skin of a Kodiak grizzly is considered an exceptionally large beast, Polar bear hides measuring 11 feet are not uncommon.

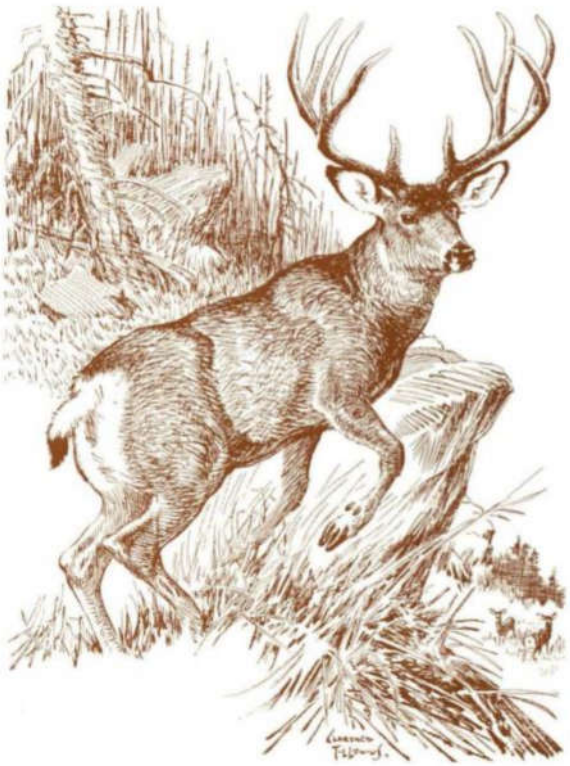
A silent stalk is essential in approaching such wary prey as the seal, and so, besides the hairy pads which firmly grip the slippery surface, the Polar bear's short claws are set well up on his toes where they cannot click on the ice as he creeps toward his quarry.

Two, sometimes three, cubs are born naked and blind in a snow cave during winter. When the water is open again, they accompany their mother out to sea, and it is a charming sight to see them swimming in single file, cream white against the deep blue water.

MUSK-OX

When the blasts of winter howl over the Arctic wastes, the musk-ox ruminates secure in the knowledge that no cold will ever penetrate that close growing shaggy coat with its marvellously dense soft underwool. Standing sometimes five feet at the shoulder, the bull musk-ox looks not unlike a small bison with white stockings. The long shaggy outer hair, curly over the shoulders, is dark brown with a yellowish white saddle patch on the back. The characteristic hump on the shoulders is caused partly by the erect mane, and partly by a heavy layer of fat which forms during the autumn. He browses on mosses, lichen and the Arctic grasses, having a particular fondness for leaves and buds of the dwarf willow.

Through the ages the musk-ox has developed habits that are wonderfully adapted to his environment. But one of these has led to his near extinction. When the Arctic wolves attacked, the herd often formed in a broken circle, cows and calves in the centre, the bulls with their deadly sharp horns shoulder to shoulder in an impregnable defence. But when man with his deadly rifle came on the scene, this musk-ox instinct to stand firm and defy the enemy was no defence at all. It was suicide. Stringent laws have been passed against the all-too-easy slaughter of these animals; but who shall police the vast expanse of the North? Musk-ox meat is relished by many.



The calves, in colour soon resembling their parents, are dropped in May or June. The natives say the adults breed only every two years so that increase of the herds must of necessity be slow.

MULE DEER

Long mule-like ears, large double-forked antlers, light coloured rump patch and short black-tipped tail, all these are characteristics of the mule deer. But these are chiefly useful in identifying the dead animal. The man who comes upon them in the rocky, hilly, broken country they love will be struck at once with their true distinguishing feature—the run. It is a series of high bouncing leaps, almost as if the animal were propelled upward by springs, and serves to identify the mule deer as far away as it can be seen. From this odd gait it is likely that the local nicknames of jumping deer or bounding blacktail are derived.

The mule deer is, on the average, a more heavily built animal than the white-tailed, and where the latter often shows a preference for brushy, marshy, low country and heavy timber, the mule deer's choice is for high, dry, even semi-mountainous districts. Though in flat country his high bounds do not make for speed, in rough broken terrain he is in his element, and soon leaves his enemies behind.

His mating habits resemble those of the white-tail, the bucks being if anything slightly more quarrelsome in the rutting season. They often advance into battle making a grunting, churring noise, and this, coupled with the menacingly lowered head and bristling mane is sometimes sufficient to cause the would-be antagonist hastily to vacate the field without accepting the challenge.

The buck mule deer's antlers are larger in proportion to his size than those of the white-tail: indeed at a little distance a standing mule deer buck with a good head might sometimes be mistaken for a bull elk.

BUFFALO

The great brown herds that once blanketed the prairies in uncounted millions are gone now, and only here and there a bleached white skull shining out of the prairie grass remains in mute testimony of the days when, in the expressive language of the Plains Indians, "the country was one robe."

The buffalo, properly bison, was pre-eminently suited for the great prairies. Shaggy, matted hair and wool shielded his head and forequarters against the furious and dreaded "ground blizzard" of the plains. When horses and tame cattle could only turn tail and drift helplessly before the blast, the bison simply walked into it, or lay down facing it, chewed his cud and grew fat.

There is not much jealousy and little fighting among the bulls—but the cows were unpredictable and highly dangerous to approach. The signal of impending attack might be the sudden erection of the spiky tail, followed in a flash by immediate onslaught. It was the cows, with their lighter, more useful robes and delicious beef, which were especially sought by the hunters.

Brought forth in May or June after a gestation of nine months or more, the tawny coloured calves run with their mothers till the following season, and are not grown to full size until seven or eight years old.

WHITE-TAILED DEER

The flickering flag of the white-tailed deer is probably the best known identification of all our big game, and the graceful, undulating flight is unforgettable. No one marking these two striking characteristics will ever mistake this for any other species.

In October, the rutting season, battles take place between the bucks. As a rule these are not serious but occasionally two bucks lock antlers and, unable to break loose, perish miserably. The buck's antlers, are shed each winter and grown again each spring.

The white-tailed deer is almost unique among the larger game animals in that it *prefers* the neighborhood of man. A mile-long tract of brush and timber in almost any area is quite likely to harbour one, two or even half a dozen deer. If unmolested, they may be seen any evening grazing close even to farm buildings, and many people, captivated by their confiding innocence, extend protection to them. Yet, paradoxically, a certain amount of hunting is better for deer than absolute protection. They increase rapidly, and in districts where no wolves or cougars are left to keep their numbers in check, they may multiply so fast that they devour all available browse. Then if a hard winter comes along, they may die in hundreds from starvation.

In May, twin fawns are born, and the doe leaves them concealed in some sheltered spot from which they never stir until she comes again to call them. The doe leaves the spot with a great bound, and as baby deer at this time apparently give off no scent, even the keen-nosed coyote may pass within a pace or two of the hidden fawn, unconscious that his prey is crouching not one leap away.

BARREN GROUND CARIBOU

The Barren ground caribou is lighter both in colour and weight than the woodland species, in winter becoming so light grey that they often appear white at a distance. The hairy pelt provides wonderful insulation from the cold—as is attested by the thousands of Eskimos and northern Indians who make garments from it. However, the caribou suffer greatly at times from warble flies, and the hides are sometimes so riddled by their grubs as to be worthless.

The gait of the caribou when alarmed is truly the poetry of motion, and cannot be described in words. It is a bouncing, springing trot of such incredible lightness that the animal seems almost to float over the tundra, though covering the ground at a tremendous rate. One peculiar characteristic of all caribou is the clicking sound made by the hooves as they walk, and the clatter of the hooves with the continuous grunting of the animals add to the indelible impression made on all who witness it by the magnificent spectacle of the caribou migration.

Warburton Pike, who saw the migration at Mackay Lake in 1889, did not believe that the herds of buffalo on the prairies ever surpassed those of the caribou. For six days, on this occasion, the herd streamed continuously by. Ernest Thompson Seton estimated that the migration witnessed by "Buffalo" Jones at Clinton Colden Lake must have numbered at the very least, 25,000,000 animals. Reduced to numerals, such figures are not readily grasped by the mind, but to see such a herd in the flesh is one of the truly great sights of the world.

Wolves take heavy toll of the caribou herds, and probably do their worst at calving time, since the young calf is seldom able to outrun a wolf.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN BIGHORN

To many hunters, the superb head of the Rocky Mountain Bighorn is *the* supreme trophy. Not a little of the appeal this great game animal has for the hunter is its habitat—the matchless panorama that meets the eye at every turn among the peaks of its mountain retreat. In one form or another, the bighorn inhabits the western mountains from Alaska to Mexico, though in Canada alone is he still found in anything like his former abundance.

The great curling horns of the ram, seamed and ridged, are often frayed and blunted at the points from butting against the rocks. Many hunters think he does this to wear away the growing points which interfere with his sideward vision. The coat is brown, with a light coloured rump patch and dark tail. The nose also is whitish, the horns amber to brown.

Though not so cold-blooded a climber as the white goat, the bighorn is a superb exhibitionist, and even the lambs are capable of astounding leaps and daring recoveries up and down the steep, treacherous cliffs and slopes of the Rockies.

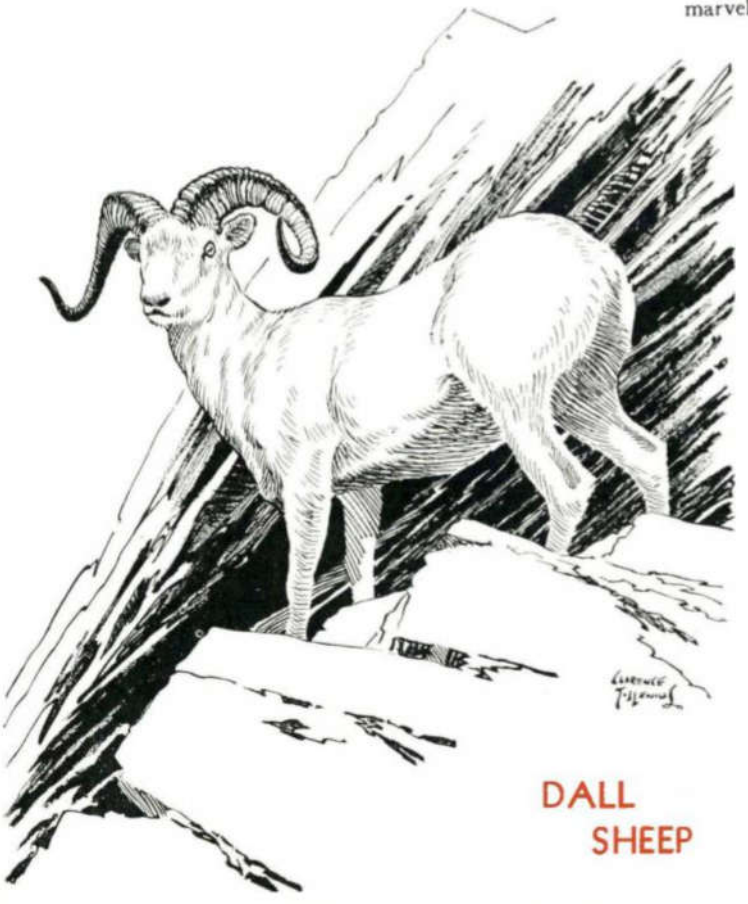
October is the usual season of the rut and the lambs, one or two, playful and mischievous as domestic lambs, are born in May or June. Through the summer months, the ewes, lambs and young rams keep to the lower mountain sides where forage is better, and the old rams draw off in "bachelor societies" on the heights.

WOODLAND CARIBOU

The Woodland caribou has a strange heavy-bodied appearance, which instantly singles him out from other deer. The heavy square muzzle, the blocky body and the wide spreading hoofs all contribute to this distinctiveness. In the Fall, the dark seal brown and purplish grey, contrasting starkly with the glossy white mane and the bright tawny antlers, make an unforgettable picture, as the great stags thread their way through the swamp spruce and tamarack bog.

The Woodland caribou is a heavier animal than the Barren Ground and heaviest of all is the great Osborn caribou of the Cassiar. The tracks, because of the large rounded hoofs, are deceiving, and a hunter told me of following a caribou all day in deep snow, thinking he was on a moose track.

Through October, the mating season, the great antlers of the old stags come into play in their battles for possession of a harem. But early in winter these drop off, the females curiously enough retaining theirs until near spring.



DALL SHEEP

In the Rocky Mountains north of latitude 60°, west and north from the Mackenzie to the Alaskan peninsula lives this striking animal: the Dall mountain sheep. The wide-flaring amber-coloured horns of the rams, more slender than those of the Rocky Mountain Big Horn are a marvellous trophy, not usually obtained without arduous and prolonged climbing in dangerous terrain.

The dazzling white coat, so brilliant against dark rocks is yellowish or creamy against the snow fields of the upper heights where the big rams have their eyries. They have few enemies in nature except the wolf and the wolverine.

There is a closely related species, the Fannin's sheep with a greyish saddle and markings. In the Cassiars and also overlapping the range of the Dall is the Stone Mountain Sheep, the darkest of all the Big Horns in fact sometimes almost black along the back.

Seemingly insignificant beside the great curling horns of the rams, the 8 to 12-inch curved spikes of the ewes are nevertheless serviceable in warding off attack, for though all sheep will seek safety from danger in flight, once brought to bay they fight courageously. Observers have seen ewes run to stand guard over their lambs when the golden eagle passed overhead. It is unlikely that the eagle preys heavily, if at all, on the lambs for even if he were able to carry them off, there would still be the ewe with her spikes to reckon with—no mean adversary.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN GOAT

This bearded patriarch, the "Old Man of the Mountains," phlegmatic and philosophic to the ultimate degree, is by nature and adaptation well fitted for the dizzy heights where he is found. Though not given to the brilliant acrobatic feats of his neighbor of the peaks, the Bighorn sheep, mountain men say he is an even better climber, and his cold nerve—or rather lack of nerves—will carry him into places where even the sheep would not venture.

Normally placid, the old billy goats, sometimes weighing 350 pounds, will on occasion show a wicked temper, and their 10-inch black horns are weapons by no means to be despised. Next to man, his chief enemies are the cougar and wolf, and when these invade his mountain stronghold, he has need of all his craft and marvellous climbing ability.

The goat's hooves have a rubbery centre surrounded by a hard sharp rim, and these enable him to cling to smooth sloping rock. He has also an odd habit, on a steep slope, of sitting down like a dog and sliding on one hip, braking with his forefeet. In consequence the skin is often thicker and calloused on that side.

All through the mountains are goat licks, banks of some mineral clay deposit of which the goats are exceedingly fond. Sometimes these banks are so deeply eaten away as to appear almost as caverns. In their eagerness to get into the licks, they relax a good deal of their normal vigilance and so are vulnerable to attack.

ANTELOPE

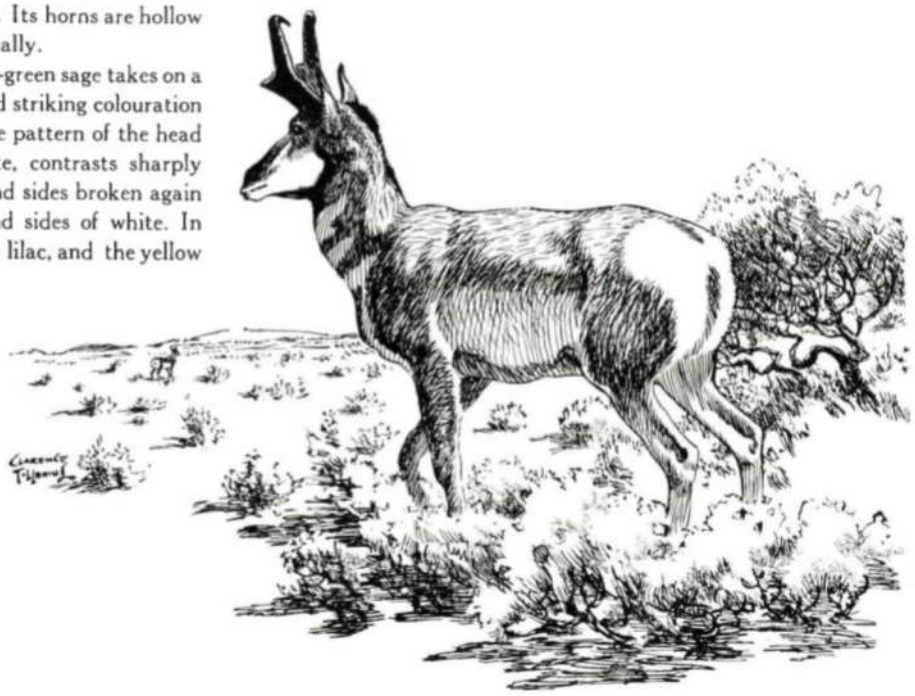
Driving along the sage-brush flats and rolling plains of the western provinces the traveller may often be puzzled by odd mirror-like flashes of white on the distant hills—sometimes as many as thirty or forty together. These are the "signal flashes" of antelope. Surrounding the rump is a "chrysanthemum" of stiff white hairs which the animal can erect at will to catch the sun's rays.

The antelope is unique. Unlike deer it has neither scent gland tufts on the legs nor dew claws. Its horns are hollow on a bony core and it sheds them annually.

In the late afternoon, when the blue-green sage takes on a strange frosty bloom the beautiful and striking colouration of the antelope is seen at its best. The pattern of the head with black, orange, russet and white, contrasts sharply with the tawny orange of the neck and sides broken again by the distinctive throat patches and sides of white. In shadow the white turns to a delicate lilac, and the yellow to russet and tan, making a wonderful colour harmony against the grey green sage and shimmering sky.

Antelope fawns, born May or June, are far more precocious than those of deer, and fawns a week old can run almost as fast as their mothers. Antelope are among the fastest runners in the world.

Seen close up, the antelope is a smaller animal than he appears from a distance. He stands three feet, seldom more, at the shoulders. The mature bucks are noticeably larger than does. The does also carry horns though these seldom project more than an inch from the surrounding hair.



THE FUR TRADE PARTY

In 1878 the commissioned officers of the H B C seriously considered breaking away from the Company and setting up a rival fur-trading organization.

by G. F. G. Stanley

II—United We Stand...

IN order better to push their case for a readjustment of the Deed Poll, a group of wintering partners finally decided, in the autumn of 1878, to hold a private meeting at Fort Garry. And here in October, Archibald McDonald, William Hardisty, William Flett, William Clark, James Ogden Grahame (son of the Chief Commissioner), Duncan Matheson, Alex Christie and J. J. Hargrave gathered together under the chairmanship of George S. McTavish. They discussed the stand which the delegates to London were to take and decided to strengthen their position by placing their resignations in the hands of the delegates, who were given full and complete authority to conclude definite arrangements with the Company on behalf of the wintering partners. In concluding, they passed a resolution to the effect "that the Commissioned Officers now or hereafter united in support of the aforesaid delegation be known as 'The Fur Trade Party'." It was with some satisfaction that John H. McTavish wrote to James McDougall: "You will be glad to learn that the little egg we hatched out . . . in June last has grown to be a pretty formidable chicken and I have not the slightest doubt but that with a little more fostering we may look for a return of golden eggs. Notwithstanding the efforts made by our Carlton friend [Laurence Clarke] to choke the little bantling."

The moving spirit of the new organization was undoubtedly the chairman, George S. McTavish. He, Hargrave, and the others within easy reach of Fort Garry, constituted the directing committee of the winterers. They held secret meetings, and from time to time issued instructions to the other partners regarding the relations of the winterers and the London Committee.

Evidence of the success of the new movement became apparent when, in December, the powers of attorney were finally counted. No fewer than 36 of the partners supported the delegation—even Laurence Clarke did so although he purposely omitted John McTavish's name from his power of attorney—eight neglected to reply and seven, including Chief Factors William Charles and Alexander Munro, Factors Hugh Ross and John Tait, and Chief Traders William Livock, James Lawson and James Alexander, refused to forward the necessary powers. The reasons for the abstentions are none too clear; unless we accept James Lawson's explanation that he could not see where the money for the £200 minimum guarantee would come from "in times of no profit," as representative of the other six who refused to adhere to the programme of the Fur Trade Party.

The Chief Commissioner, James A. Grahame, was very much annoyed at the course which events had taken at the Carlton meeting and subsequently. He had never appreciated the strength of feeling on the part of the old wintering partners and was inclined to look upon their activities as indications of want of confidence in himself. He forbade McTavish to leave Fort Garry under threat of superseding him and wrote with obvious hostility demanding an explanation of how it was that McTavish "an Officer in so high a position . . . should have been in any way mixed up in a combined movement of the kind," at the same time accusing McTavish of a lack of frankness to himself and loyalty to the Company. Grahame, however, had himself much to explain. He had made it very clear at Carlton that he was there to discuss business, not terms of service within the Company: he could scarcely then claim that he alone should be the proper channel through which all representations should be made to London. Had he shown the kindly disposition towards and sympathy for the wintering partners, that Donald A. Smith had always done, the Fur Trade Party would, as McTavish contended, have been unnecessary. It was an understatement of the truth when McTavish wrote to Smith that "Mr. Grahame's treatment of the movement . . . in ignoring its existence at Carlton and subsequently preventing my personal visit to London . . . indicated an opinion on his part that it was a reprehensible movement." There was more force to the charge that "If the Chief Commissioner's letter to me shadows forth his deliberate policy the Service is a bondage and men are deprived of the right to regard their personal fortunes as of value from the hour they enter it."

Meanwhile the Govenor and Committee in London had resolved to forestall further agitation by making an offer to the partners for the Outfit 1877. Grahame hinted at such an offer in his letter to McTavish on November 20, but did not reveal its nature. Immediately the Fur Trade Party took action. If the offer were accepted by individuals, the whole movement would be undermined and its leaders would probably be subjected, in some way, to Company discipline. Hargrave therefore despatched a warning to the

George F. G. Stanley, author of "The Birth of Western Canada," is professor of history at the Royal Military College, Kingston, Ontario.

various partners urging them to make no personal deals with the Chief Commissioner which might compromise the interests of the partners as a whole. To McDonald and McLean he said, "If acceptance . . . of terms having reference only to Outfit 1877, must be accompanied by conditions tending to fetter the efforts now being made to obtain a permanent amelioration of terms of service between officers of the Fur Trade and the Hudson's Bay Company, it will be wise to decline such a condition." "The work undertaken by the delegates" he wrote in another letter to McDonald, "has not been affected without serious difficulty, in overcoming which the members of the party here have taken a position involving serious personal responsibility, to an extent which it would have been folly on their part to assume, were they not convinced they would be supported by the absent members of the party as one man." In a circular letter to all commissioned officers, Hargrave, as secretary of the Fur Trade Party, urged them to avoid committing themselves on paper to the Chief Commissioner and to refer him "in every instance to your delegates."

On December 18, several days after the departure of Donald A. Smith, the details of the Company's offer were made known by the Chief Commissioner to the members of the Fur Trade: £150 guaranteed minimum per share. It went far, but not all the way towards meeting the demands which the Fur Trade Party had put forward through their delegation to London. There was a catch in it, however. The offer was only to extend to the Outfits 1877, 1878 and 1879, should any one of them fail to yield that amount per share. And the proposal in any event, had not been approved by the stockholders. The Fur Trade Party was not prepared to accept the offer. A reply was drafted at Fort Garry and hastily despatched to all supporters of the Party for them to sign. It stated simply that

> "A direct reply from me would create misunderstanding and confusion, as I had before receiving it appointed the Honourable Donald A. Smith M.P. and Chief Factor John H. McTavish as my agents in the business to which it relates, and I am therefore under the necessity of directing you to these gentlemen for a reply."

Meanwhile, Donald A. Smith had left for England. On February 22nd, 1879, he sent a telegram to J. H. McTavish to the effect that "a modification of proposition made was virtually conceded." McTavish replied that the message was unintelligible and enquired what proposition had been modified. On the 27th, a further communication from Smith—which Hargrave described as "lengthy, vague and ambiguous"—revealed the nature of the "modification." The guarantee of £150 was to be allowed for five years, subject to a possible increase to £200 should the average profits of the trade reach or exceed £60,000; but no more than £150 would be paid for any one of these five years unless the profits should suffice to reimburse the Company for the advance requisite to cover any deficiencies. The demand of the partners for the old right of putting forward recommendations for promotion was conceded.

It indicated the temper of the fur traders that McTavish, Smith's associate, acting upon the advice of the inner council, should have replied "Offer rejected. Permanent minimum two hundred indispensable . . . Officers unanimous." Hargrave thereupon notified all supporters of the party of the Company's offer and its rejection. He concluded his letter by saying, "feeling perfect confidence in the justice and reason of the position assumed by the Fur Trade Party and of the universal support accorded to them by their colleagues generally, members of the party resident here recommend patience and confidence in the result of the efforts now being made for the general welfare."

It is not clear how many of the partners concurred in McTavish's categorical refusal to accept the Company's offer; but one, at least, wrote emphatically to McTavish that his opinion "agrees with your own and that of the other officers of the Red River." The writer, James McDougall of Dunvegan, added "I feel that the Officers in the interior are all much indebted to those stationed around Fort Garry for the action they have taken in promoting this movement for our general benefit . . . we all embarked of our own free will prepared to sink or swim together."

Despite the confident tone of Hargrave's letter the members of the Fur Trade Party were worried. On March 18, George McTavish called the council to meet at Fort Garry to discuss the situation, and it is on record that the members agreed "it might certainly be well to be prepared

Joseph James Hargrave, secretary of the Fur Trade Party with headquarters at Fort Garry. He was the author of "Red River."

for all emergencies and among others the general dissolution of the Fur Trade as now constituted and the organization of a new Company to engage in its prosecution." Whether this meant that the Company in London might take this radical step, or the Commissioned officers themselves, is now not clear. But the latter is probably the correct interpretation, for on the date of that meeting the members of the party wrote to John McTavish (who was on his way to Chicago to meet Donald Smith now returned from England), "We would state our readiness, if expedient, to undertake service with any new Company which you may deem competent to occupy the field hitherto possessed by our present employers of working the Fur Trade in the Northwest Territories."

One can imagine the great reluctance with which these officers of many years' faithful service with the Company contemplated such a drastic step. But it was not the first time it had been considered. When the International Financial Society took over the H. B. C. in 1863, Edward Watkin reported than an influential officer of the Company had "predicted a general resignation of the factors 'from Labrador to Sitka,' followed by a confederation amongst them, in order to carry on the fur trade in competition with the Hudson's Bay Company, they possessing, as was said, the skill, the will, and the capital to do it.' "

There was, however, no need for the concern displayed by the partners at this meeting. Smith had no great secret to divulge regarding the future of the Company. All that he had was the Governor's offer, the substance of which had already been made known to the partners. But Smith's powers of persuasion were considerable: and John McTavish, after a visit to Montreal and interviews with eastern business men, became convinced that in the economic depression then prevailing—"a state of things unparalleled in the past history of Canada"—the terms which Smith had obtained were, in fact, "really generous," and that the restoration to the Commissioned Officers of the rights they had previously exercised, "of consultation in the administration of the affairs of the Fur Trade, and of recommendation of officers for promotion" was bound to be popular with the winterers. He therefore joined his co-delegate in accepting the Company's offer on behalf of the partners.

There is no doubt they had done their best. Hargrave was only telling the truth when he informed the members of the Fur Trade Party that "every available effort, short of universal resignation of commissions, has been made by the delegates of the Fur Trade Party to obtain the best terms possible for their constituents." He added, "It is hoped the members of the Party will heartily endorse the action of their representatives, and I may mention that; while, on the one hand the members of the Board in London stated their intention of resigning their positions in a body sooner than undertake the hopeless attempt to persuade the shareholders of the Company to assent to more liberal terms; on the other hand, the officers resident in the Montreal department had individually expressed their satisfaction with the offer as actually made, before the assent of the Fur Trade Party as a whole was given by its Attorneys." There, unfortunately, had been the weakness in the case for the wintering partners. Their front, while solid in the Northwest, had cracked in the East. But far more important than any weakness in their organization in compelling the partners to accept the compromise, was the undeniable fact that Canada was, during these grim years, passing through a serious economic crisis.

The harvest of 1877, however, in Canada and in the United States had been a good one, and the improvement in world economic conditions was reflected in the advancing price of furs. In 1879 the partners received the basic minimum of £200 which they had demanded. This same minimum was paid on the Outfits 1880 and 1881. The gain of the Outfit 1882, however, increased to £333.5.0.

But these improvements were, in fact, illusory. The increased competition from "interlopers," many of whom were outfitted in the Company's Winnipeg store, the decline in the number of the buffalo, and the starvation among the Indians, were bound to cut into the fur trade. The increase in the price of furs proved to be only temporary, and each year funds were drawn from other Company activities to make up the basic minimum payable to the partners. The increase payable on the Outfit 1882, declared in May 1884, was made possible, not by an improvement in the fur prices in Europe, but by the settlement of the Company's claim for losses during the Red River disturbances in 1869.

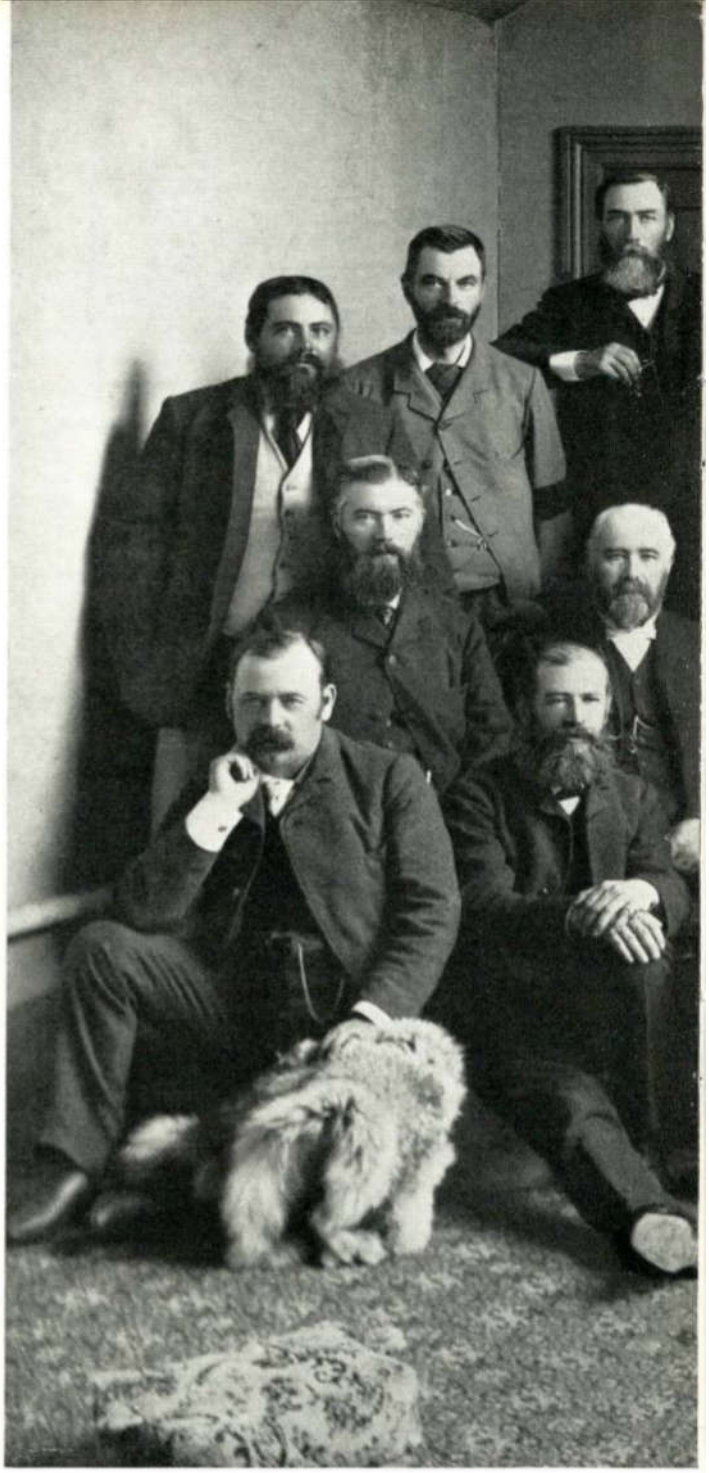
In 1882, the "Depression" set in again, and the price level showed an almost unbroken decline until 1897. In 1883 the Hudson's Bay Company, despite its policy of withholding certain furs from the market in order to support the price, had to report that the price of Canadian sable (marten) was at its lowest in thirty years. Even the land sales began to sag after the unprecedented demand of 1881. The result was that the guarantee to the wintering partners had to be extended to the Outfits 1885 to 1887. In 1888 there was a further heavy decline in the prices of furs and no less than £19,500 was required to make up the guarantee to the Commissioned Officers. In the following year only £2,429 was needed for this purpose; but in 1890 after "an exceptionally heavy fall in Fur prices" the amount required was £19,800.

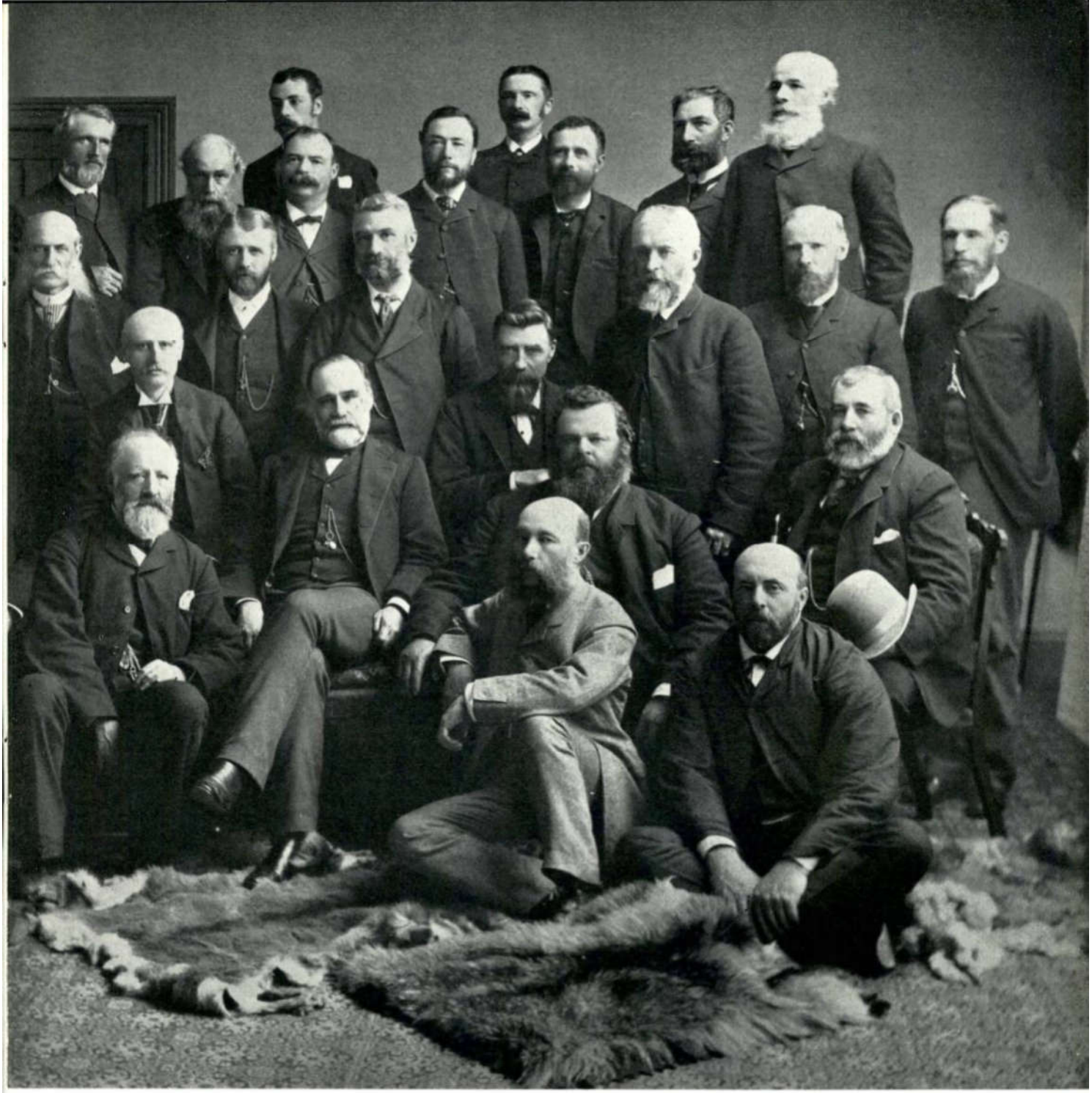
This catastrophic decline in the value of the Fur Trade was accompanied by a decline in dividends payable to the stockholders. From time to time the stockholders, many of whom had purchased the Company's stock at inflated prices had expressed their dissatisfaction at what they considered to be the low rate of interest on their investment. More and more they began to question whether the returns on the Fur Trade really justified the expense. The Fur Trade had, indeed, ceased to yield the spectacular results of early generations, and the members of the London Committee found themselves faced, not only with the dissatisfied wintering partners, but with a large body of disappointed speculators. The election of D. A. Smith as Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company in 1889 could not save the old wintering partners, and in 1892 Chief Factor

Christie wrote to a fellow officer, "the end of the Hudson's Bay Company cannot be far off." Men who had given their lives to the Fur Trade had hardly enough to live on, and young men could not be attracted to a service in which rewards were so small. The old guard never forgot nor forgave the "grasping London Stockholders" who had "secured to themselves the millions of money paid by Government on one or two occasions as well as one-twentieth part of the lands on the fertile belt of the Hudson's Bay Territories." But those complaints came from the old winterer, Roderick MacFarlane, who had been a member of the Fur Trade Party: they were drowned in the hue and cry for larger dividends. "There is no mistake about it," wrote Roderick Ross—his service totalled twenty-seven years at this time—"the *fiat* has gone forth and Attila is to ravage and destroy the handiwork of the Company of Adventurers, that ancient guild that has reigned in the land for two long centuries and more. The Phillistines, are now at last upon us in reality, and there must be a dividend if the heavens should fall . . . exit Hudson's Bay Company; enter Hudson's Bay Lands and Colonization Company Limited."

A change in the status of the partners was inevitable. The Deed Poll system, that pillar of strength to the old Fur Trade, no longer had any place in the highly competitive trade after the surrender of the Company's monopoly. It had been devised originally in order to give the wintering partners a definite legal standing in relation to the London shareholder as well as to secure them a fair return for their services. It continued, almost unchanged, to govern the status and remuneration of the partners for over seventy years. But, while the Deed Poll remained unaltered, the circumstances in which the original document had been drawn up, had altered drastically. The Deed Poll, during the last thirty years of its existence, worked not to the advantage but to the disadvantage of the wintering partners. At a time when the remuneration of almost every class of servant in the Company's employ was increasing, that alone of the Commissioned Officers was undergoing a steady decline. The concession of a guaranteed minimum as early as 1865 foreshadowed the eventual extinction of the Deed Poll system and the substitution of fixed salaries therefor. And the events which occurred after 1870 emphasized the growing significance of this shadow.

The end came in 1893. In 1887 Chief Commissioner Joseph Wrigley had announced to the last great council of the Commissioned Officers that no more commissions would be issued to those who had entered the service of the Hudson's Bay Company after the transfer of the Company's territories to Canada in 1870, and six years later the Deed Poll rights of 1871 were finally surrendered. The claim of forty per cent of the profits, two-fifths of the interests of the Company, was given up by the winterers. Henceforth the officers of the fur trade were to be not partners but employees. Even the old names disappeared, names like Chief Factor and Chief Trader, names which had been known to the Indians for generations, names which had carried weight and authority from the Pacific Ocean to Labrador. For some years yet the old "Lords of the Lakes and Forests" might look to the days that had passed and complain querulously about the treatment accorded them by the Company; but the dead had buried its dead. In a letter to Roderick MacFarlane, who retired in 1903 after forty-three years in the Company's service, one of the Directors wrote, "It is really quite useless to reopen a case long since settled or to trouble the Board further with papers and correspondence relating to a period with which the existing Hudson's Bay Company have only an historical concern." ◆





The last council meeting of the commissioned officers of the Hudson's Bay Company was held at the Queen's Hotel, Winnipeg, in 1887. At that time there were four ranks: Chief Factor (C-F), Factor (F), Chief Trader (C-T), and Junior Chief Trader (J.C-T). Reading L. to R, 1st Row: D. Armit, J.C-T, Manitoba House; J. S. Camsell, C-F, Mackenzie R.; J. Fortescue, C-F., Ile a la Crosse; J. L. Cotter, C-F, Moose Factory; J. Alexander, F, B.C. 2nd row: A. Matheson, C-T, Rat Portage; A. Munro, C-F, Victoria; T. Smith, Asst.-Commr., Victoria; J. Wrigley, Chief Commr., Winnipeg; R. Hardisty, C-F, Edmonton; H. Belanger, C-F, Cumberland House; L. Clarke, C-F, Prince Albert. 3rd row: C. Sinclair, C-T, Oxford House; J. Anderson, J.C-T, Winnipeg; C. Rankin, C-F, Mattawa; S. Parsons, C-F, Montreal; P. Bell, C-F, Chapleau; R. MacFarlane, C-F, Ft. St. James; J. Lawson, F, Victoria; W. Gairdner, J.C-T, Winnipeg. 4th row: W. J. McLean, C-T, Lower Fort Garry; Dr. W. M. McKay, C-T, Lesser Slave L.; R. Campbell, ex-C-F; W. Clark, F, Winnipeg; J. McDougall, C-F, Athabasca; A. McDonald, C-F, Swan R.; A. R. Lillie, ex-C-T; 5th row: E. K. Beeston, J.C-T, Winnipeg; W. H. Adams, F, Winnipeg; M. Matheson, C-T, York Factory.

Absent from this meeting were 4 Factors, 9 Chief Traders, and 22 Junior Chief Traders.

STONES OF MYSTERY

Story and photos

by E. H. Mitchell

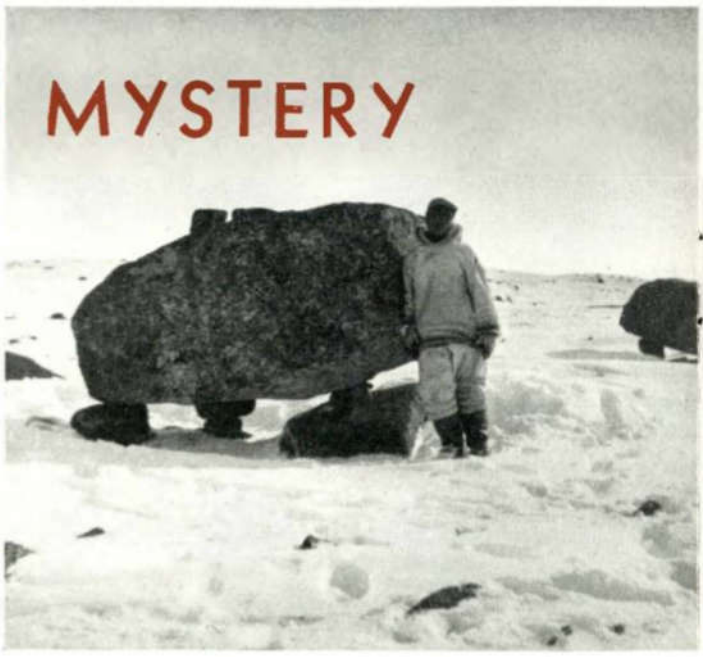
Nobody knows why the large boulders of Melville Peninsula stand upon small stones, nor who placed them there.

ONE of the unsolved mysteries of the Arctic concerns a scattering of huge boulders which are to be found, supported on smaller rocks, at the upper end of Melville Peninsula. Nobody knows why they were thus raised, nor how the primitive people who placed them in position were able to lift such enormous weights.

Eetigaseemaute the Eskimos call them, meaning "that which is raised from the ground." But none of the natives I questioned when I was serving at Igloolik post claimed any knowledge of how the feat of raising them was performed, nor why. They simply replied that once the *Illisimayoke*—the informed white man—saw them, he would be enlightened.

However, the natives have no hesitation in explaining *who* put them there. It was the *Toonikduak*, a race of comparative giants who lived in stone houses, many of which can still be seen today, on the summits of small hills. These houses were similar in design to the present day snowhouse, but had a much smaller sleeping bench. To us this would imply a people of small, rather than great, stature; but not so to the Eskimo. His legends describe the Toonik as big, powerful people, but with the mentality of children, who slept with their feet up the wall. Hence the small sleeping bench!

Putting these stones in position must have been comparatively easy. But why was it done?



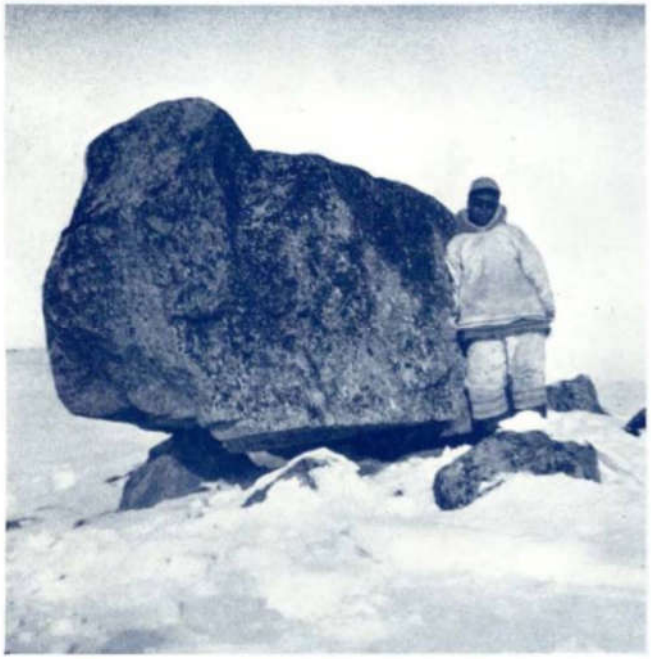
This photo clearly shows two stones placed one upon the other under a corner of the boulder.

This odd position apparently gave them greater use of their legs in walking and running. Though this may sound ridiculous, there is little doubt that the Toonik were men of great strength. The huge stones used in the construction of their houses, and the lack of any mechanical aids in setting up these monumental stones, combined with the numerous legends the Eskimos relate about them, help to confirm this theory.

One of these tales I fell heir to, and told in all seriousness, was about two Eskimos who while out hunting, came upon fresh bear tracks which they immediately began to follow. Unknown to them, a Toonik had also crossed the bear's tracks a few miles farther ahead. Being swifter of foot he very soon caught up with the bear and killed it. He was about to start skinning the animal when the two Eskimos appeared on the scene. At once on the defensive, the Toonik picked up the bear, laid it across his shoulders and made off with it! I should add that, though the white man is often inclined to exaggerate a story for the benefit of the listener, the Eskimo has no interest in whether we accept his tale or not. To him the impression *we* get is of no importance. Indeed had no enquiry been made, the tale would not have been told.

The great stone monuments which these Tooniks are supposed to have erected are of varying sizes, some of them weighing many tons. They bear neither carvings nor inscriptions, merely consisting of the native rock, red granite, mounted on four stones, with the whole structure sitting upon surface rock. The most intriguing specimens are the leaning stones. They also vary greatly in size, but are all canted at an angle of about 15 degrees to the horizontal, one end resting on the ground and the opposite end

E. H. Mitchell came out from Scotland (with his bagpipes) three or four years ago to join the H B C fur trade. After being clerk at Igloolik he is now manager at Arctic Bay, still farther north. He is apparently the first to have written about these boulders.



The supports are not so clearly visible in this picture; however, they are there, partly hidden by the snow.

supported by two stones. These boulders almost all point northeast and southwest. The horizontal rocks are to be found mainly on the edges of valleys, or on the crests of hills. On travelling up the valleys, one can often see them silhouetted against the sky, giving an impression not unlike an altar. There appears to be no uniformity in their setting, none in regard to their distance apart, though at times two or three are to be found within a few yards of each other. The leaning stones are situated at the heads of valleys, in areas commanding a view of two or three miles.

One possible way such bulk and weight could be moved, would be by rolling the boulders onto two of the base stones, with the aid of skin lines used in the parbuckle system. Then lifting the opposite end and placing the other two stones underneath. This sounds very simple, but the power required to lift such a weight would call for more men (as we know them) than could stand around its base.

Probably the chief question relating to these monuments, is *why* were they put there. For what purpose did they go to that tremendous effort of erecting such stones, so numerous, over such a wide area. Perhaps the fact they are in good caribou country would indicate some purpose connected with hunting. Were they raised to persuade strangers who invaded their territory, that a race of giants inhabited these parts, leaving the intruder's imagination full play and thus discouraging any infringement on their hunting rights? Or did they simply employ their idle moments erecting these stones as a feat of strength, while waiting for the caribou to arrive?

Photos of some of the boulders have been sent to the eminent Danish anthropologists Dr. Kaj Birket-Smith and Dr. Helge Larsen, but they can shed no light on their origin. Sir Edward Parry and Capt. G. F. Lyon, who spent the winter of 1822-3 at Igloolik and did some travelling on the northern part of Melville Peninsula, do not mention them in their books. Perhaps, like some of the cromlechs and menhirs of the Old World, they will always remain a mystery. ◆

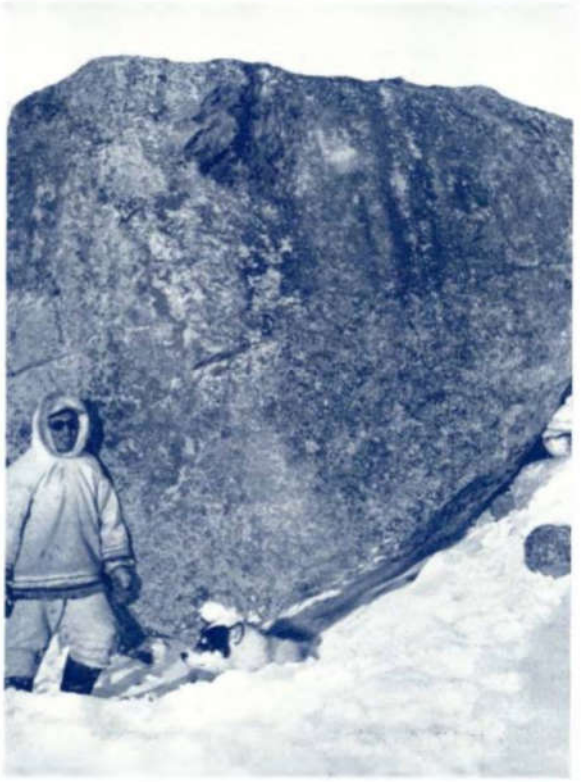
Editor's Note:

A copy of this article and a print of the first photo were sent to A. E. Porsild of the National Museum in Ottawa, for comment. He showed them to G. W. Rowley and T. H. Manning, both experienced Arctic travellers, and the suggestion was put forward by Col. Rowley (and agreed to by the others) that the stones under the boulders may be merely the remnants of several that had originally been deposited by glacial action. The natives may have used the boulders as meat caches by placing the meat on top out of the reach of animals; and they may have removed all but the key supports for two reasons: 1. To make it more difficult for the animals to get on top of the boulders; 2. To prevent snowdrifts forming at the bases.

"Preventing the cache from drifting up," wrote Col. Rowley, "is I think very important. Only a few miles from where my Eskimo used a cache of this sort, a complete family starved about four years ago within easy distance of a number of cached caribou which they were unable to locate under the changed conditions of winter."

It is unlikely that a small boulder like the one at the bottom of the opposite page would be used as a cache, since any Arctic animal larger than a lemming could jump on top of it. But it may have been used as a landmark, and the stones placed under it to prevent it drifting up.

This great mass of rock was beyond the powers of the Toonik to raise. But the stones were apparently placed ready at the corners.



WALRUS

The wind is southerly, the sky overcast, and, like fur-clad gnomes, the hunters stand looking and listening for a walrus to surface in a crack between the moving floes or to burst through new ice.

An Igloolik walrus hunter of 130 years ago.

Kalout, leader of the hunt, shows how the harpoon is held when a walrus pokes his head up to breathe, through six-inch ice.

Photographs by Richard Harrington, 1953

Drawings by Capt. G. F. Lyon, 1823

Harpooning walrus through the treacherous, shifting ice off Igloolik is the most exciting and dangerous kind of Arctic hunting.

Igloolik hunters with harpoons and lines.

As soon as the head of a walrus is sighted, the Eskimos run towards it yelling like mad. The first one to get there (if it has not already disappeared) harpoons it through a nostril . . . and then hell breaks loose. Trying to dive, the huge brute finds itself checked by the strong sealskin line attached to the harpoon head, and held by the hunter, who, in trying to brace himself, is being gradually pulled towards the hole in the ice. More Eskimos rush up and grab the line, adding their weight to his. A frantic tug-of-war ensues; but eventually the great tusked head comes up once more into the hole, and someone seizes a rifle and fires at it point blank. The threshing and struggling redoubles . . . and suddenly the walrus floats lifeless in the crimsoning, ice-choked water.

Now the problem is to haul the huge carcass . . . weighing anywhere from half a ton to a ton . . . up onto the ice. Two men cut the hole larger with harpoon foreshafts, another loops a second line through the head, and a fourth goes to get a dog team. . . .

With the walrus on the end of his line, an Eskimo braces his feet against the ice in an effort to stop himself being "drawn under the ice and drowned." His friends seem unconcerned.

ON striking [a seal through the ice], the first care is to catch the line behind one leg, so as to act as a strong check; and for farther security, a hitch is also taken round the ring finger, which sometimes is terribly lacerated, and even torn off by the struggles of a large animal. The spear being at liberty, is now used to stab the seal until it dies, and the hole being enlarged, it is drawn out on the ice. The carcass speedily freezes, and is then fit to be drawn home to the huts. The walrus is occasionally taken in the same manner; but it is only when he has no open water to range in, that he is found under young ice. The general manner of striking him is when he rises amongst loose heavy pieces of ice, which are moving under the influence of wind or tide. If two or three men are together, the operation is comparatively easy; but we have many accounts of unfortunate persons who have been drawn under the ice and drowned, owing to insecure footing, or an entangled line."—*From a description of ice-hunting at Igloolik, by Capt. G. F. Lyon, 1823.*

Once, while they were doing this, and Harrington was busy with his camera, the ice began to move. A floe as large as a city block slid up on top of the ice pan where they were working and began to bear down on them, crunching and groaning with a frightful noise, and threatening to cover up the hole where the walrus still lay. At once the men jumped up onto the advancing ice, cutting wildly to keep the walrus in sight. Then, for no apparent reason, the moving floe stopped dead, and the walrus was salvaged.

The skin lines holding the walrus are attached to the main trace of the dog team and with the pulling power of fourteen huskies the big brute is hauled out and over to a spot suitable for cutting it up. Here is food for the whole camp and their dogs . . . for at least a few days.

Igloolik children dancing to the sound of a small drum beaten with a bone. The ruff is of long caribou hair. Note the "animal head" hood on the small one.

Eskimos with white men from Parry's and Lyon's ships "Fury" and "Hecla" off on a sled ride.

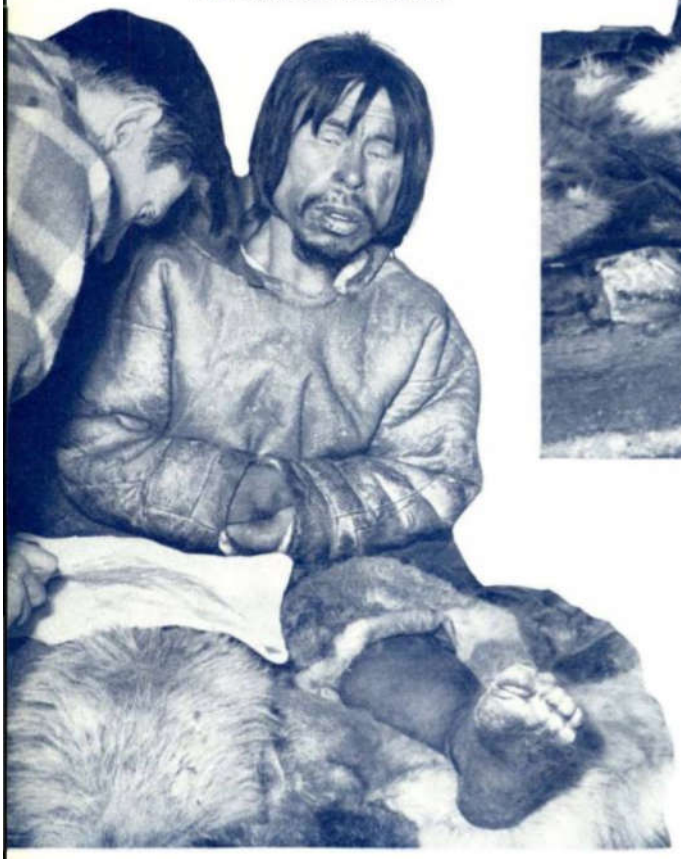
Deftly with their long knives the hunters carve up the great grey body. The cuts are cleverly packed into long 300-pound "sausages," made by lacing them inside a strip of the animal's skin for easy loading onto the sleds, and the intestines are plaited into long braids.

While they were doing this the ice again began to heave and buckle and break. The men just had time to grab the meat, and Harrington to gather up rifles, harpoons and mitts, before the new mass of ice moved in, and the pan they had been working on slid under it and out of sight. . . .

Aftermath . . .

After nine days adrift on an ice-floe, without shelter or warmth, Shapungalok is brought into the post at Igloolik, his frozen feet encased in heavily frosted fur.

At the post, Bill Calder treats Shapungalok's swollen foot, before he is flown out to Churchill.



Not all walrus hunts end so happily. In March, word came in to Igloolik that seven hunters were missing, having been carried out to sea on a huge ice floe. They were without shelter, warmth, or food (unless they had managed to kill a walrus), and the temperature had gone down to forty below with a thirty-mile wind.

For nine long and bitter days there was no word of them, while the hungry women at their camp sat with stoic faces, and the little flames in the walrus-fat lamps guttered and went out. Then the hunters returned, all with frost-bitten faces, fingers and toes, and four of them with badly frozen hands and feet. They had caught one walrus, but it had frozen hard and made difficult eating. Two of the older men could not walk, and one of them, Shapungalok, was brought to the post by dog team just before Harrington was due to fly out. He was carried into a sod igloo and given tea and biscuits, warming his swollen fingers on the hot mug.

Bill Calder, veteran Arctic post manager, brought medicine, dressings, cigarettes, and fresh meat. He washed and treated the frozen left foot, and bandaged it. Then he talked by radio with Dr. Corbett at Chesterfield Inlet, 480 miles to the southwest; and the doctor said the patient must be taken out to hospital at once.

Another five days went by before the plane was able to get in from the south. Meanwhile the post manager succeeded in getting on the air with Dr. Judge at Pangnirtung, 475 miles away to the east, and received instructions for treating his gangrenous patient. When the plane finally touched down, Shapungalok was put aboard, and three days later he and Harrington were in Churchill, one to continue south, the other to stay in hospital until his foot was healed and he could return to more walrus hunting on the shifting floes off Igloolik.

WALRUS HUNTING A CENTURY AGO

by Elisha Kent Kane

Dr. Kane, one of the Americans who searched for the lost Franklin expedition, has left us this vivid account of hunting the walrus through the ice in October 1854, near Etah off the west coast of Greenland. Morton was a member of his expedition.

THE party which Morton attended upon their walrus hunt had three sledges. . . . As they neared the new ice, and where the black wastes of mingled cloud and water betokened the open sea, they would from time to time remove their hoods and listen intently for the animal's voice.

After a while Myouk became convinced, from signs or sounds, or both—for they were inappreciable by Morton—that the walrus were waiting for him in a small space of recently-open water that was glazed over with a few days' growth of ice; and moving gently on, they soon heard the characteristic bellow of a bull *awuk*. The walrus, like some of the higher order of beings to which he has been compared, is fond of his own music, and will lie for hours listening to himself. His vocalization is something between the mooing of a cow and the deepest baying of a mastiff: very round and full, with its barks or detached notes repeated rather quickly seven to nine times in succession.

The party now formed in single file, following in each other's steps; and, guided by an admirable knowledge of ice-topography, wound behind hummocks and ridges in a serpentine approach toward a group of pond-like discolourations, recently-frozen ice-spots, but surrounded by firmer and older ice.

When within half a mile of these, the line broke, and each man crawled toward a separate pool—Morton on his hands and knees following Myouk. In a few minutes the walrus were in sight. They were five in number, rising at intervals through the ice in a body, and breaking it up with an explosive puff that might have been heard for miles. Two large grim-looking males were conspicuous as the leaders of the group.

Now for the marvel of the craft. When the walrus is above water, the hunter is flat and motionless; as he begins to sink, alert and ready for a spring. The animal's head is hardly below the water-line before every man is in a rapid run; and again, as if by instinct, before the beast returns, all are motionless behind protecting knolls of ice. They seem to know beforehand not only the time he will be absent, but the very spot at which he will re-appear. In this way, hiding and advancing by turns, Myouk, with Morton at his heels, has reached a plate of thin ice, hardly strong enough to bear them, at the very brink of the water-pool the walrus are curvetting in.

Myouk, till now phlegmatic, seems to waken with excitement. His coil of walrus-hide,* a well-trimmed line of many fathoms' length, is lying at his side. He fixes one end of it in an iron barb, and fastens this loosely by a socket upon a shaft of unicorn's [narwhal's] horn; the other end is already looped, or, as sailors would say, "doubled in a bight." It is the work of a moment. He has grasped the harpoon: the water is in motion. Puffing with pent-up respiration, the walrus is within a couple of fathoms close before him. Myouk rises slowly—his right arm thrown back, the left flat at his side. The walrus looks about him, shaking the water from his crest; Myouk throws up his left arm, and the animal, rising breast-high, fixes one look before he plunges. It has cost him all that curiosity can cost: the harpoon is buried under his left flipper.

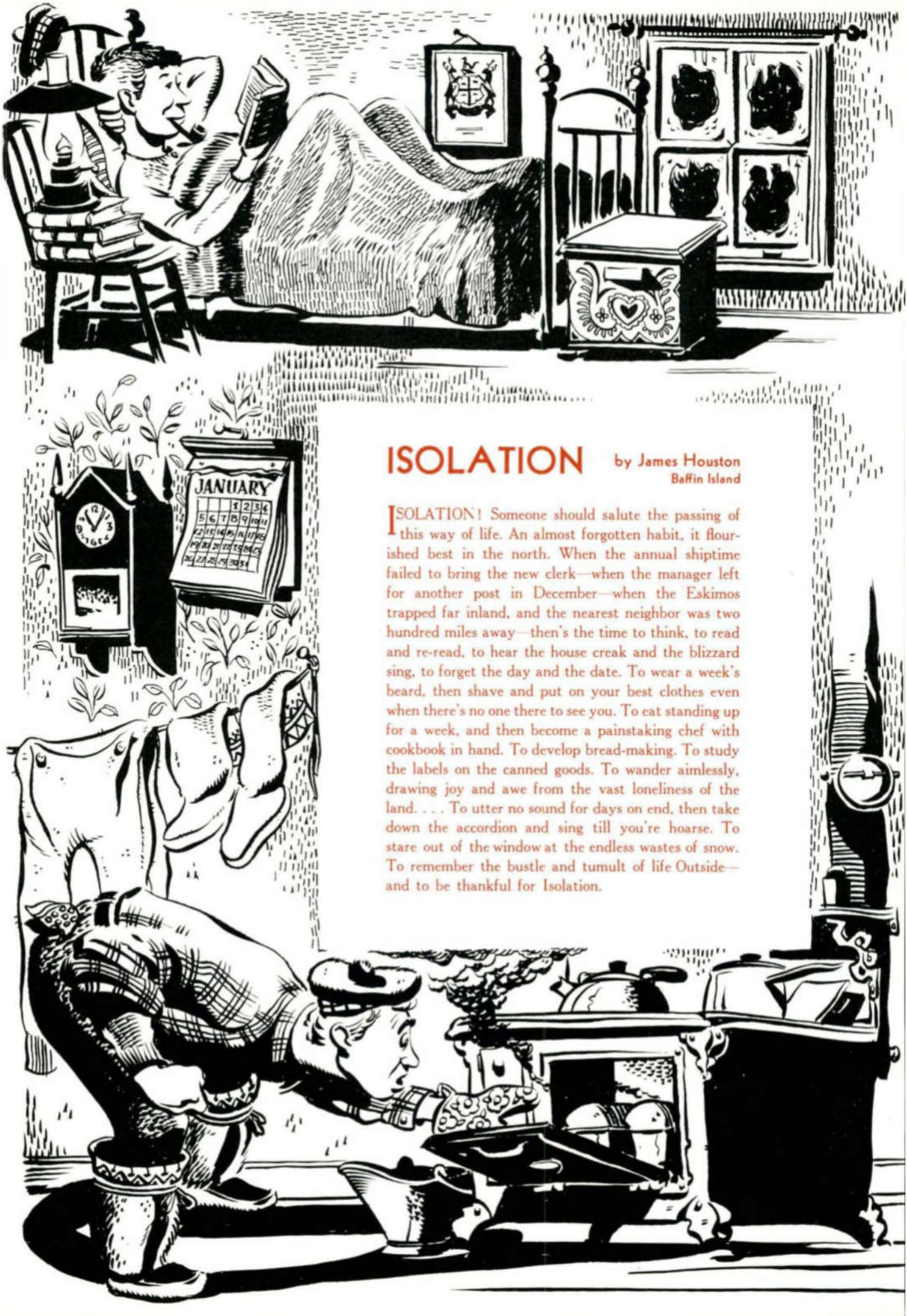
Though the *awuk* is down in a moment, Myouk is running at desperate speed from the scene of his victory, paying off his coil freely, but clutching the end by its loop. He seizes as he runs a small stick of bone, rudely pointed with iron, and by a sudden movement drives it into the ice; to this he secures his line, pressing it down close to the ice-surface with his feet. . . .

Now comes the struggle. The hole is dashed in mad commotion with the struggles of the wounded beast; the line is drawn tight at one moment, the next relaxed: the hunter has not left his station. There is a crash of the ice; and rearing up through it are two walruses, not many yards from where he stands. One of them, the male, is excited and seemingly terrified; the other, the female, collected and vengeful. Down they go again, after one grim survey of the field; and on the instant Myouk has changed his position, carrying his coil with him and fixing it anew.

He has hardly fixed it before the pair have again risen, breaking up an area of ten feet diameter about the very spot he left. As they sink once more he again changes his place. And so the conflict goes on between address and force, till the victim, half exhausted, receives a second wound, and is played like a trout by the angler's reel.

Some idea may be formed of the ferocity of the walrus, from the fact that the battle which Morton witnessed, not without sharing some of its danger, lasted four hours—during which the animal rushed continually at the Esquimaux as they approached, tearing off great tables of ice with his tusks, and showing no indications of fear whatever. He received upward of seventy lance wounds—Morton counted over sixty; and even then he remained hooked by his tusks to the margin of the ice, unable or unwilling to retire. His female fought in the same manner, but fled on receiving a lance-wound. ◆

*Walrus hide is usually too thick. It was probably square-flipper seal hide —Ed.

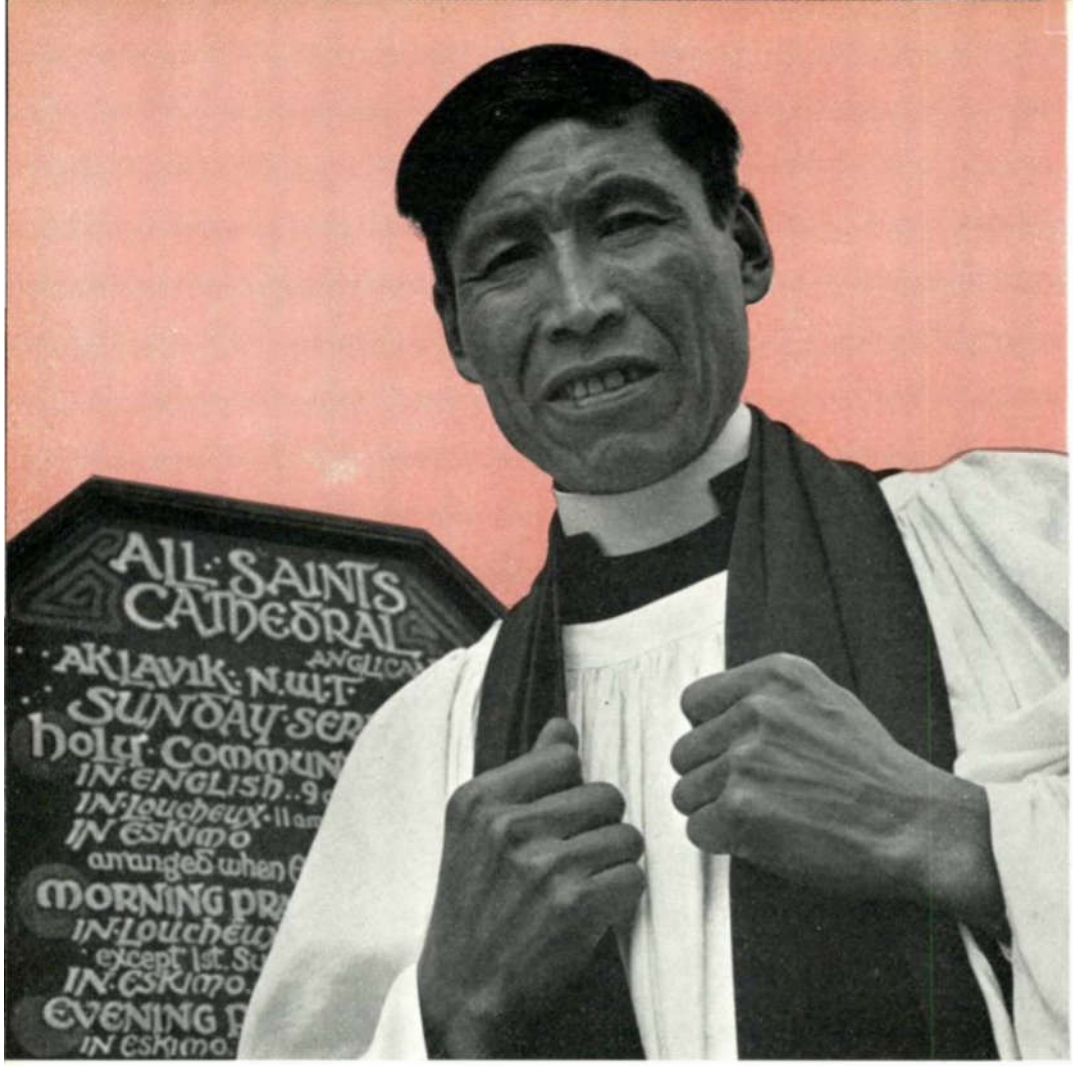


ISOLATION

by James Houston
Baffin Island

ISOLATION! Someone should salute the passing of this way of life. An almost forgotten habit, it flourished best in the north. When the annual shiptime failed to bring the new clerk—when the manager left for another post in December—when the Eskimos trapped far inland, and the nearest neighbor was two hundred miles away—then's the time to think, to read and re-read, to hear the house creak and the blizzard sing, to forget the day and the date. To wear a week's beard, then shave and put on your best clothes even when there's no one there to see you. To eat standing up for a week, and then become a painstaking chef with cookbook in hand. To develop bread-making. To study the labels on the canned goods. To wander aimlessly, drawing joy and awe from the vast loneliness of the land. . . . To utter no sound for days on end, then take down the accordion and sing till you're hoarse. To stare out of the window at the endless wastes of snow. To remember the bustle and tumult of life Outside—and to be thankful for Isolation.

TOMATO
HOUSTON
CAPE DORSET . JAN, 1953



Rev. James E. Sittichinli, son of an ordained priest of the Northwest, is a Loucheux Indian. Besides taking services in the cathedral, he is an accomplished carpenter who undertakes most of the mission's construction work. The signboard shows that services are conducted in English, Loucheux (Takudh), and Eskimo.

Cathedral of the North

photographed by George Hunter

At Aklavik in the delta of the Mackenzie River stands the cathedral of the Anglican diocese of the Arctic, attended by Indian, Eskimo, and white people alike.

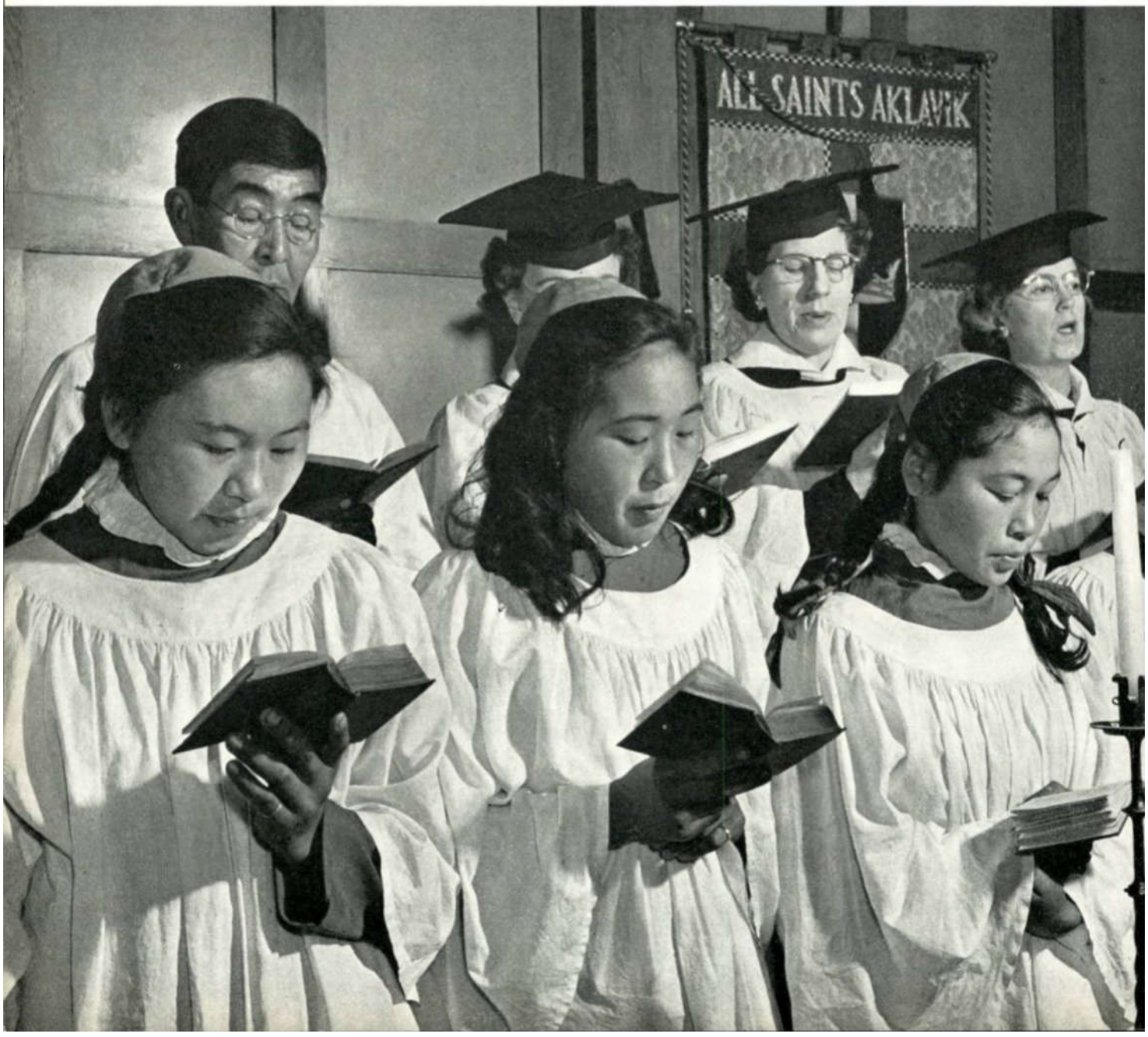
AKLAVIK, a small settlement beside the Mackenzie about 120 miles north of the Arctic Circle, is the meeting place of Loucheux Indians and Western Eskimos, once deadly enemies, but now living in peace. Like many northern communities, it contains a Mounted Police detachment, fur trading posts, and Roman Catholic and Anglican missions. But in addition to these Aklavik boasts a government administration building, two hotels, a detachment of the Royal Canadian Corps of Signals, two hospitals, and two residential schools, one of each operated by each mission.

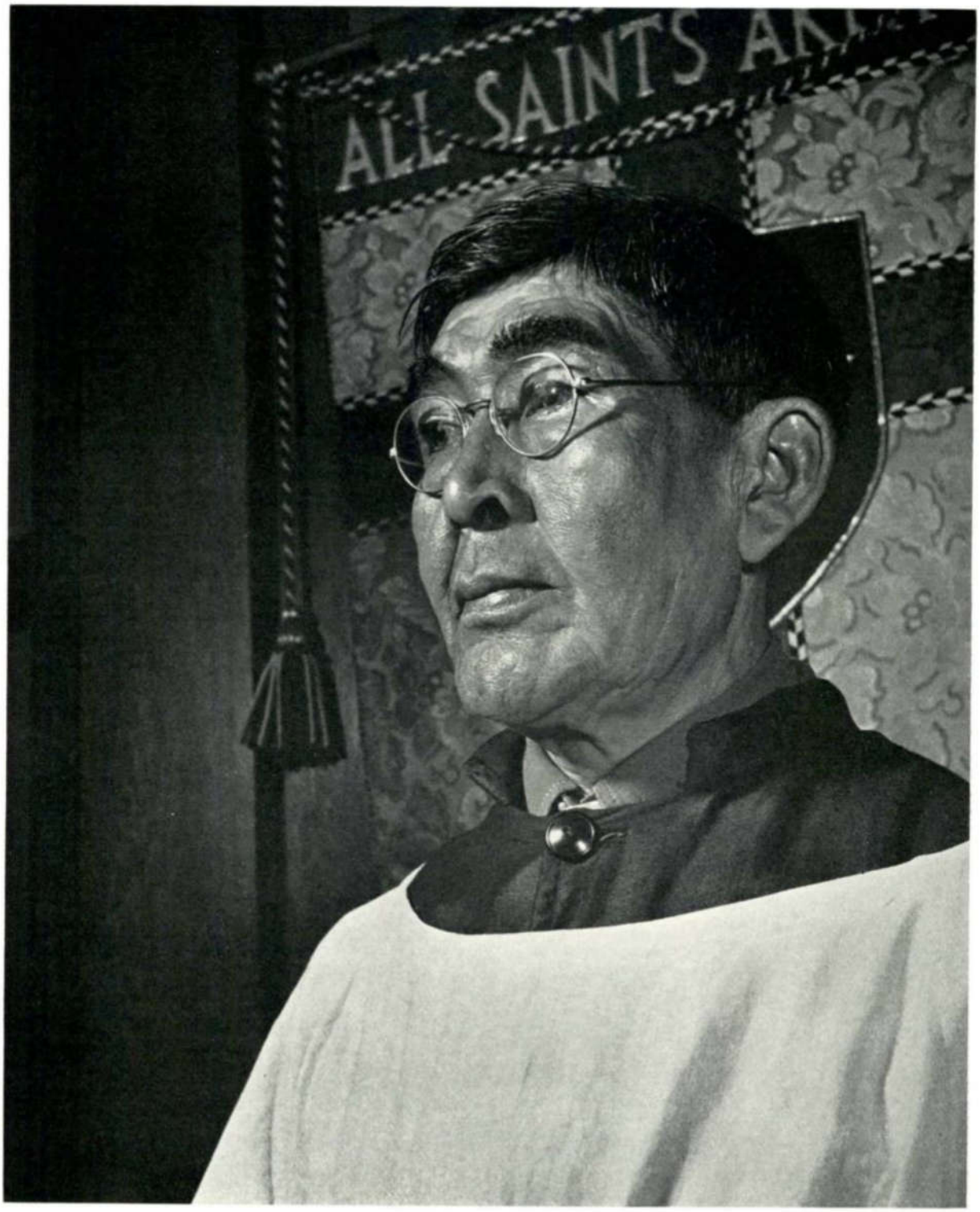
The cathedral of All Saints, pictured here, was consecrated by the Primate of All Canada in 1939, twenty years after the founding of the mission. It contains many physical links with the Church of England in the British Isles, among them two panels from St. Paul's Cathedral, oak from a Scottish church 400 years old, and a wooden cross from Canterbury Cathedral.

Before the service starts, choirboy John Vehus lights the altar candles in the brass Georgian candlesticks. A Loucheux Indian, he is clad in scarlet robes such as are always used in a cathedral. The cross is from a church in Birmingham, England. Behind it is a northern version of the Nativity scene, painted by an Australian, and representing the Madonna and Child in regal ermine. On the left are two reindeer, and an Eskimo family, the father of which is offering a pair of walrus tusks; on the right is a member of the R.C.M.P., an Indian with a beaver, and a fur trader with white fox skins.

Shield of the Anglican
Diocese of the Arctic.

Indian, white, and Eskimo sing together in the choir. The Eskimo girls in front, dressed in scarlet caps and cassocks, lead the singing at the Eskimo services.





Thomas Njootli assists at the Loucheux service in the morning. Often he takes services for the inmates of the Anglican hospital while evening service is being held in the cathedral. Behind him is the banner of the cathedral, richly brocaded in red and gold.

Singing the recessional hymn, the choir leaves the chancel at the end of the evening service. Leading is John Vehus, carrying the cross, a bronze copy of the 700-year-old Irish Cross of Cong. Behind him come the Eskimo girls, while in front of the altar can be seen Archdeacon J. H. Webster of Aklavik. On the right is Thomas Njootli and on the left Rev. Mr. Sittichinli. Through the nearby microphone, services in all three languages are broadcast over the local station CHAK. The chair which the Bishop of the Arctic—Rt. Rev. Donald B. Marsh—occupies when he visits Aklavik is visible beyond the cross.

RED RIVER NEW YEAR

by Margaret Arnett MacLeod

Drawings by L. S. Saw

The French and Scottish elements in the old fur trade made New Year's a more festive occasion than Christmas.

"Old ladies recall how, as girls, . . . they practised their steps on the frozen ground to keep warm."

WHEN the Governor-General of Canada and the Lieutenant-Governors of the provinces hold receptions on New Year's Day, they are not following a precedent set by the sovereign whom they represent. In England New Year's Day is not observed. By choosing to hold their annual receptions on that day in Canada they perpetuate an ancient custom of the country.

From the beginning, people of the fur trade posts paid their respects to their representative of government, the master of the fort, on New Year's Day. The Indians enthusiastically joined the whites in their celebrations, so New Year's calling is part of the stamp left on the country by its earliest inhabitants. It seems regrettable that a custom of such ancient origin should now be on the wane after a tradition of more than two centuries.

Scots and French at the remotest posts managed some small observance of their native festival of the New Year. The record at Moose Fort on January 1st, 1749, reads: "Having three fiddlers in this Fort, our people celebrated the evening with dancing and were all merry. . . ."

Here is a picture of New Year's at Brandon House, near the city of Brandon, Manitoba, in 1797. "In the morning the Canadians [men of the North West Company] make the House and Yard Ring with salluting. The House then filled with them when they all got a dram each. After they were gone the House filled a second time—with Ladys, the wives of the Canadians, with the Complimentary Kiss of the new year according to their Custom, and drest in their wedding garments."

Margaret Arnett MacLeod of Winnipeg, a member of the Council of the Champlain Society, has delved deeply into the social history of the Red River Settlement.

L. S. Saw, Australian by birth, is cartoonist for the Winnipeg Tribune.

Long Lake, 1831. "This being New Year's Day the men and women paid us a Visit which is the customary compliment."

Michipicoten Journal, January 1st, 1832. "A little preceding sunrise the Servants assembled in front of the Mess House and honouring us with the customary salute with arms, were invited to walk in and were treated with a few glasses of liquor [a weakened compound of brandy etc.] and some flour cakes [bread]. This over they retired in excellent humour to commence their jollification. The ladies came next and made their curtsies being ushered into the Family Room. Afterwards they were indulged with a breakfast with forks [meaning with meat] and the day passed agreeably without any material interruption to the conviviality of the period."

At *Lake Athabasca*, on January 1st, 1821, George Simpson, later governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, wrote: "The people [of the fort] have been enjoying themselves with a dance and seem much gratified by the attention paid them."

It is interesting to note in passing that the routine of celebration described in these records is still the custom in northern Canada. The frontier has just been pushed back.

The fur trade New Year was wholeheartedly adopted by the Selkirk colonists when they came from Scotland in 1811 to begin the settlement of western Canada at the junction of the Red and Assiniboine rivers.

Though Upper Fort Garry was the centre of the settlement and the seat of government, it was, like other posts,

remote from the rest of the world. And the age-old New Year's customs carried on there were continued long after Manitoba came into being. The governor living at the fort might have been sent from Ottawa to govern their country when it became part of Canada, but the fur trade *feu de joie* in the early morning and the calls of respect continued.

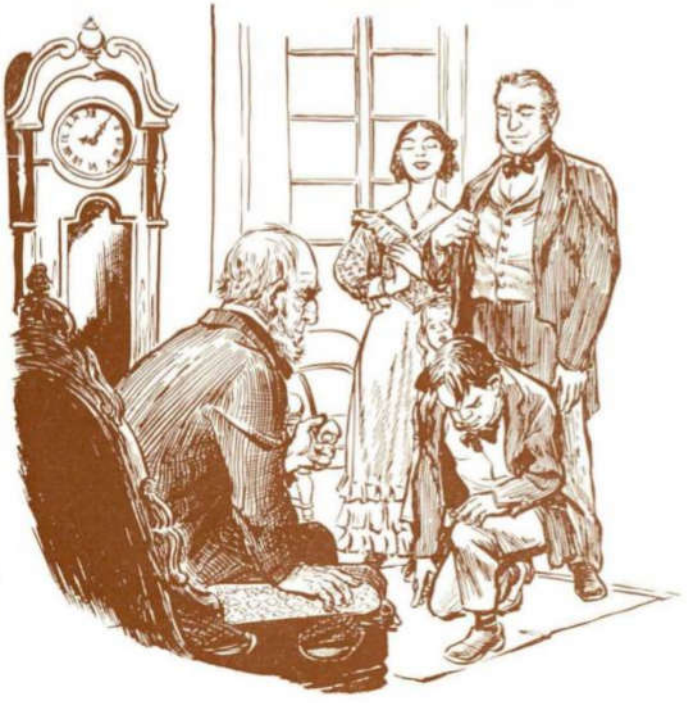
The dance at the fort on New Year's night was the climax of twenty-four hours of excitement—from early that morning until dawn of the next.

In early days there were no invitations. It was open house, open kitchen, open cellar on a limited scale, to everyone, with the governor and his staff to uphold the dignity of the occasion. Even the odd Indian chief would come many miles to say "Appy Nootchie" to the governor and add the picturesqueness of his ceremonial dress to the dance.

In 1847 when a military detachment from England was quartered at the fort the New Year's dance was, for Red River, a sophisticated party. Draped flags and stars of crossed sabres flashing from the walls, red-coated officers teaching the latest dance steps to partners (some in elaborate gowns brought for the occasion from London or New York), the gay music of the fiddlers, all made it a brilliant scene.

Later, increasing communication with the outside world changed life in Red River. Evening finery was more easily obtainable, invitations to the ball were sent out and it took on Victorian formality. It lingered on as the most important social function of the year in Winnipeg until the middle 'eighties. Old people still like to talk about it. Guests presented themselves at the small night gate where all icy winds that blew seemed to sweep around the fort walls. The ancient porter was notoriously slow in shuffling down the long board walk to answer their ring, and old ladies recall how, as girls, dressed in imported gowns but with feet clad in dainty white moccasin slippers, they practised their steps on the frozen ground to keep warm.

The blessing ceremony was brought to Red River by French Canadian canoemen.



In a settlement that struggled for existence for more than fifty years there was always so much to expect from a new year, that when it arrived, hardships and disappointments, even food scarcity, were forgotten. Buoyant hope expressed itself in opening doors, cheery voices and general jollifications.

Peter Garrioch wrote on January 2nd, 1844: "Yesterday today and the following embrace much the same subjects—Trading . . . singing & a great deal of chatting as is common on such occasions—went on like fighting cocks" as indeed they did, for with the Scots and French in the majority, New Year's was Red River's great day of the year.

A pretty family ceremony brought by the canoemen from Quebec, started the day among the French settlers. Before breakfast, the oldest son with his family hastened to his father's house where he knelt before him to receive his blessing, after which he was embraced in true French fashion. His children too shared in the ceremony. His waiting brothers and sisters with their families then took their turn according to age, down to the youngest. And there was an impressive moment at the end when as many as twenty or more descendants were kneeling at the father's feet. Then followed breakfast with the festive New Year's *tortiere* (a delicious type of meat pie), also meat balls, and all spent most of the day under the parental roof. But their celebrations were not finished until they had all met for a New Year's dinner during the following week at each brother's or sister's home.

Red River Indians ushered in the New Year in traditional style. Before daylight every Indian who could procure a flintlock gun loaded it with a double charge of powder and joining others, started around the Settlement.

By dawn, fresh smoke from the whitewashed log houses along the river banks curled up into the frosty air. The settlers were astir, wakened by volleys of musketry and a chorus of "Appy Nootchies" at their doors. Generous preparation was always made for the Indians' New Year calls: piles of bannock and big iron pots of scalding black tea. And what the callers couldn't eat, they carried away.

The general New Year's calling in Red River was patterned on the Scottish custom of the ladies receiving and the gentlemen calling with the privilege of the New Year's kiss. But from early fur trade days the Indian women insisted on calling too and kissing their hosts. Young Bobby Ballantyne, aged 17, (Lady Simpson's cousin and later famous as the writer, R. M. Ballantyne) was at York Factory for New Year's, 1843. He told of coping with the situation on the approach of an old hag, by raising his head slightly just as their lips were about to meet. In Red River, lads could be seen scurrying out the front door as the dusky ladies arrived at the back one.

The gentlemen of the Settlement began their calls about our coffee party hour and continued them throughout the day. The late Archbishop Matheson recalled the chores

Horse-cariole racing on the frozen river was a big event on New Year's Day.

being done up early, the finest driving horses groomed until they shone and hitched to the best sleigh obtainable. Then with strings of bells on the horses and flashily trimmed buffalo robes for the sleighs, the young men in keen rivalry were off to call on as many friends as possible. The older men too put on their best capotes with gaudy French belts tied about the middle, and lacking a horse, walked.

Young folk called New Year's the Kissing Day since that was its chief attraction. Households took pride in the abundance and superior quality of the good cheer on their loaded tables, and the ladies, dressed in their best, fluttered about serving the guests. No wonder the lads vied with each other in the number of calls they could make: the more calls, the more kisses. The Archbishop told of making 75 calls on a New Year's day of his youth—but other statistics were not divulged.

The New Year's holiday was pre-eminently the season for weddings. Among the Scottish settlers in Kildonan, Thursday was the chosen day and the father of the prospective bride went around the settlement and gave the invitations verbally. Instead of the bridal showers of today, different festivities were given in honour of the event, beginning with a dance at the girl's home on the bridal eve and continuing for a week after the wedding.

A lad had to step lively in order to get a partner to take to the wedding since the men outnumbered the ladies. A girl might be embarrassed by the number of invitations from admirers, but a young man might make four or five attempts before he secured a partner.

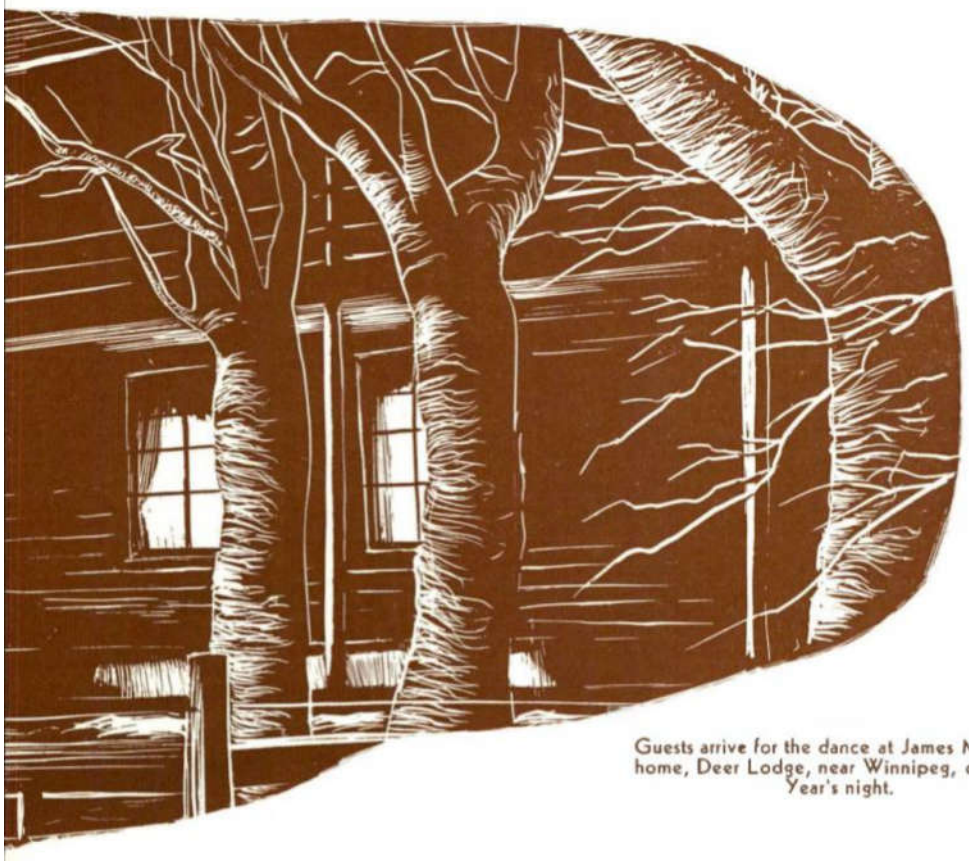
On the wedding day a long line of carioles and sleighs drawn by handsomely bedecked horses dashed along the frozen river (the winter road) to the church with the bridal couple at its head. The return from the church resolved itself into a race. It was an occasion on which to show off a fine horse and get as near the head of the procession as possible. Rivalry was keen but one rule was never broken. To pass the newly married couple was a breach of etiquette that would never be forgotten nor forgiven.

Horse-racing was a big New Year's Day event. The Red River, kept clear by prevailing north winds, was a busy winter highway, and on New Year's Day the stretch near the fort and near the section marked off as a race course was crowded with celebrants.

Shrieking children careened wildly down the river banks on improvised toboggans—frozen cow hides with the hair inside for warmth. Skaters near the banks practised figures or raced—mostly on homemade skates. And farther out loaded family sleighs and carioles filled with fur robes and callers on their rounds dashed along the ice. Enthusiastic spectators lined the race course where Company officers and the more prosperous settlers matched their blood horses in the day's racing program, sometimes for considerable stakes. The excited crowds with gaily striped blanket capotes, bright caps and sashes, the flashily decked horses, and sleighs with red trimmed fur robes streaming out behind, made a kaleidoscope of color. Red River's Weekly, the *Nor'wester*, related of January 1st, 1863:

"The Post Office and stores closed, all business was suspended while the learned Postmaster with a bet of some pounds on his little Canadian mare Pussy, raced her on the frozen river against a fast French steed called Nowhere. The horses were decorated with flowers and ribbons, the enthusiastic onlookers milled along the course and cheered, and the Postmaster's little nag, a stylish beast trained in Detroit, won."

Toward the end of Red River days James McKay, one of the most hospitable men in the Settlement, always gave a dance at his home, Deer Lodge, on New Year's night.



Guests arrive for the dance at James McKay's home, Deer Lodge, near Winnipeg, on New Year's night.

At six in the evening the guests (some from as far as Portage la Prairie and St. Andrew's) began to arrive. Cutters and homemade sleighs disgorged their well-bundled occupants in a stream of light from the constantly opening front door and in a chorus of greetings.

Down the stairway floated ladies in flowing skirts and moccasined feet; in tightly fitting bodices and neatly snooded hair. The older ones found comfortable chairs in parlor or hall, or in the large dining room cleared for dancing. The younger ones were claimed by partners in homespun suits with moccasins smoother and neater than any glove tightly bound around their ankles ready for the most intricate steps.

Tantalizing odours seeped in from the supper already preparing; a scraping of fiddles came from the end of the dining room, and the dance began. Four fiddlers played in relays of two to give the exhausted ones a chance to recover. Four sets for the square dance formed in that big room and to the music of "The Buffalo Girl" or "Soldiers' Joy," they were off at the dancing in earnest.

The last chain, the "breakdown," showed up the people who really could dance. At the rousing commands of the man who "called off" they went through their steps to the rollicking tunes ending at their places with a final good shuffle of their feet.

The "mammas" looked on from their comfortable seats making the most of this meeting with friends to catch up on the latest news—and keeping a watchful eye on their daughters.

By ten o'clock supper began to be served and continued throughout the dance. The tables upstairs were spread so substantially, and all the guests enjoyed themselves so thoroughly, it might have been expected that all ardour for the dancing would disappear. But not at all! Back they went to the dancing with undiminished enthusiasm, and back they came to the tables again before morning arrived.

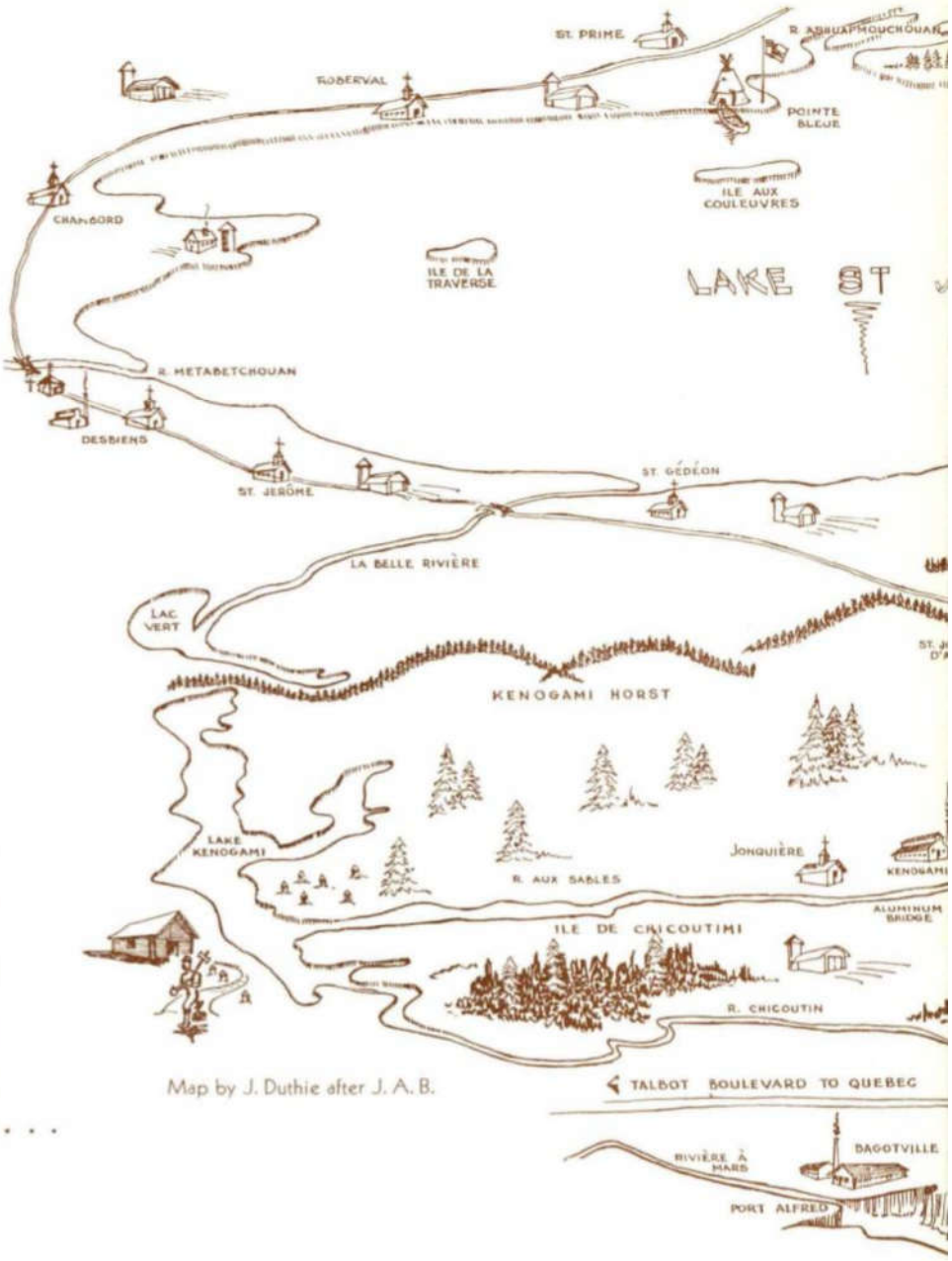
There were huge hot joints of beef and pork, roasted ducks and geese, smoked deer and buffalo tongues, buffalo hump and beaver tail. All down the tables, plates piled with mountains of bannock were interspersed with jugs of syrup, dishes of dried applesauce, bowls of scraped maple sugar, plates of pemmican, gingerbread, or little cakes spotted with raisins—and cups were filled from big steaming teapots and teakettles of strong black tea.

The square dance described now adds interest to modern New Year's celebrations. And it would seem that the waning New Year's calling, might also flourish again. If citizens generally were to follow the example of Her Majesty's representatives in Canada and open their homes to New Year's visitors, some of the old customs might be brought back. With the revival of even this one, the hearty Red River calling, the day should be not only more colourful, but more historically significant. ◆

Lake St. John and the Big Beaver

An Indian Legend
retold by
J. A. Burgesse

Lake St. John, whence flows the Saguenay, is an old beaver pond, made by Mist'amisk in the long ago. That is what the Montagnais will tell you—and anyone who has doubts about it has only to read this story . . .



Map by J. Duthie after J. A. B.

LAKE St. John, heart of the Saguenay Kingdom, a sparkling gem set in the heart of a forest-clad valley which rises, terrace upon terrace, to the enclosing hills, is nothing but an old beaver pond.

At least this is what the Montagnais Indians, whose ancestors roamed the Saguenay vastness since the beginning of time, would have us believe. They relate how, long, long ago, what we now call Lake St. John was just a reach of the River Ashuapmouchouan. The stream came tumbling down out of the mountains in a wild cascade, only to lose its impetuosity and meander peacefully through the Saguenay Valley to the St. Lawrence. However, its course was not that of the Saguenay River of today, through the Grand and Little Discharges, around Ile d'Alma and Ile Maligne, down the Chute à Caron rapids and by the Island of Chicoutimi to the fjord. Indeed, no! The ancient Ashuapmouchouan wended its way over what is now dry land in the neighbourhood of Saint-Jérôme to reach Haha Bay by way of Lake Kénogami.

Presently along came Mist'amisk—the Big Beaver of the Montagnais folk tales—seeking a home. He threw a dam across the river, just a little way upstream from Lake Kénogami, and built his lodge in the middle of the huge pond which resulted from the impounding of the waters. There can be no excuse for doubting the veracity of this story, for the Montagnais can point out, not only the remains of the dam, but those of the beaver lodge too. We stupid whites, however, are obstinate and insist on calling the dam, the Kénogami horst, and our maps show the relics of the lodge as Ile de la Traverse and Ile aux Couleuvres.

The late J. A. Burgesse, formerly of the H B C, who wrote for the Beaver *over a period of some 15 years, was a student of Saguenay history and the Indians of that region. He was recently appointed assistant secretary and superintendent of the Saguenay Power Co. at Ile Maligne. Last June, while inspecting on horseback the reafforestation project seen in the upper right hand corner of the map, he met with a fatal accident. His saddle strap broke, and when he fell to the ground, his startled horse kicked him in the head.*

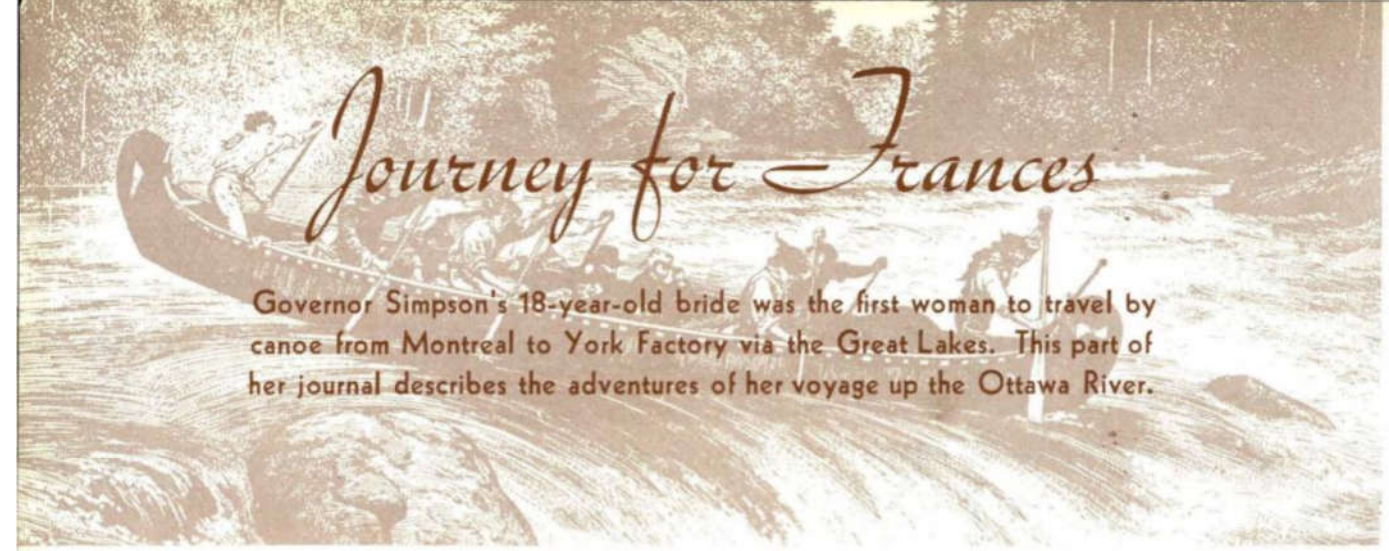
Mist'amisk passed many peaceful years in his new home, and raised quite a number of little beaver, before Mistapeo arrived to disturb the tranquillity of his household. Mistapeo was a mighty hunter, and just as soon as he discovered the beaver pond, he decided that he simply must capture Mist'amisk and make himself a fine robe of beaver fur. But the Big Beaver was no fool, and knew how to take care of himself and his family. The hunter set out traps and gins, and snares and deadfalls, but Mist'amisk and his brood were still at liberty when the red-gold fingers of autumn caressed the northern woods.

In desperation, Mistapeo saw that his only chance of success was to drain the pond and thus deprive the beaver of all means of escape. He breached the dam and, as the waters rushed forth, sat down to await the inevitable result. It was not long before Mist'amisk noticed the falling water and, aware of the danger, rushed out of the lodge to discover and remedy the breach. Repairs, however, were out of the question, for he saw his enemy waiting. Flight alone remained, but the problem was, how could it be accomplished? His only chance was to lie hidden until nightfall and try to slip past Mistapeo as he slept. Shortly after sunset, therefore, Mist'amisk and his family crept out from their lodge and stealthily approached the gap in the dam. Mistapeo, too, was cunning. He was wide awake and watching, and had even taken the precaution of lying down in the breach in such a manner as would allow the water to flow out under his body, but prevent the escape of the beaver. This, indeed, was terrible! What was to be done? Already the water was too low to permit Mist'amisk and his brood to scale the dam and escape through the woods. They resigned themselves to their fate, and huddled together, awaiting certain death.

Towards dawn, however, Mistapeo grew weary. His head drooped and presently he dozed off. Not an instant was to be lost! Over the body of the sleeping Indian the little ones crept in silence, to freedom. Then came Mrs. Beaver's turn. She, however, like many others of her sex, was vindictive and impulsive. She just couldn't resist the urge to revenge herself. As she passed over the recumbent form of Mistapeo, she scooped up a pawful of mud from the bottom of the lake, and plastered it over the face of the slumberer. Then downstream she sped, swift as an otter; but Mistapeo awakened with a start and took in the situation at a glance.

Poor Mist'amisk, to be thus deprived of liberty when it was almost in his grasp. He turned tail and fled upstream towards the Péribonka River. The hunter, however, was not slow to follow and, in one bound, reached Pointe à la Savane, cutting off Mist'amisk's line of retreat. The beaver now turned towards the Ashuapmouchouan, but Mistapeo was there before him, leaping right across the pond to land on the roof of the beaver lodge off Pointe Bleue. His foot was heavy, however, and the roof gave way. Before he could regain his balance, Mist'amisk seized the opportunity and plunged downstream to the breach in the dam. The hunter was not far behind, but the leap was too long. He tripped on the edge of the dam, and fell sprawling. Mist'amisk won the race and, slipping through the breach, swam off downstream to rejoin his family. We may be sure that his wife got a famous beating for her stupidity, and hope that she mended her ways.

That is the Indian story, and the topography of the Saguenay is witness to its veracity. Lake St. John is now very shallow. The old bed of the river has dried up and can be discerned only where its deeper sections have retained the waters as Lake Kénogami and Haha Bay. The lake continues to pour out through the Grand Discharge which is simply the breach made by Mistapeo Even the place where he tripped and broke a little hole in the dam is to be plainly seen. Nowadays we call it the Little Discharge. ◆



Journey for Frances

Governor Simpson's 18-year-old bride was the first woman to travel by canoe from Montreal to York Factory via the Great Lakes. This part of her journal describes the adventures of her voyage up the Ottawa River.

Introduction by Grace Lee Nute

FEW white women ever toiled over portages with fur traders on transcontinental canoe trips, or thrilled to the dangers of white-water and the beauties of forest and lakes. Fewer still have left written records of their journeys. To find a long diary kept by the young wife of a past master of canoeing is for that reason a momentous discovery. If it were the merest jotting of daily events, it would be supremely valuable. Actually it is far more. In fact, it is a well written record of the deep impression made on a sensitive and cultivated woman by the massiveness of the wilderness, the beauties of undisturbed Nature, the immensity of the job performed by voyageurs and traders, and the dangers and withal the enchantment of the voyageurs' life.

The diarist was Frances Ramsay Simpson, daughter of Geddes Mackenzie Simpson of the firm of Graham, Simpson and Wedderburn of London. Shortly after her marriage to her cousin, George Simpson, on February 24, 1830, she and her husband left on a highly unusual honeymoon trip. It took them across the Atlantic in a sailing vessel to New York, overland to Montreal, and by canoe from that place to the Red River of the North, York Factory on Hudson Bay, and back to the Red River Settlements. Throughout this journey of thousands of miles she kept a diary, much of which will be printed in the *Beaver* in this issue and in succeeding instalments. All entries made prior to the beginning of the canoe journey will be omitted. A great granddaughter of Sir George Simpson, Mrs. Gwendolen Ross Haddon, with whose kind permission these extracts are published, is the owner of the journal.

George Simpson was already thoroughly conversant with the ins and outs of the fur trade and canoe travel when he and his close friend, John George McTavish, a former Nor'Wester, sailed with their brides from England to begin what Simpson's biographer says "could scarcely be called a 'joy ride.'"

By the beginning of May, 1830, the party was assembled above La Chine Rapids in the St. Lawrence, where Frances' pioneering began. Just because all phases of life in North America were strange to her, she jotted down details that fur traders' accounts omit as too well known to be worth mentioning. To the young bride they were new and exciting—as most of them are to us. I cannot recall an account that is so explicit about everyday life on a canoe journey.

The almost incredible speed required by George Simpson on his canoe trips explains a large part of the hardships borne so uncomplainingly by his bride. Roused every morning at dawn or earlier, frequently obliged to travel or portage after dark, wet to the skin again and again despite near-freezing weather, required to sleep practically on the ground (no air-mattresses or sleeping bags in her day!),—Frances Simpson not only kept her good humour but actually seems to head the long list of those of us who find the voyageur's life a rewarding one.

MAY 2nd [1830] Left La Chine at 4 A.M. in two Canoes manned by 15 hands each, all strong active, fine looking Canadians. The passengers consisting of Mr. & Mrs. [J. G.] McTavish, & Maid Servant in the one, & Mr. Simpson Myself & Servant in the other accompanied by Messrs. [James] Keith & [Samuel] Gale who kindly volunteered to favor us with their company for a day or two.

Our Canoe, a most beautiful craft, airy and elegant beyond description, was 35 feet in length, the lading consisting of 2 Water proof Trunks (known by the name of Cassets) containing our clothes; 1 Basket for holding Cold Meat, Knives & Forks, Towels &c. 1 Egg Basket, a travelling Case (or Canteen) containing 6 Wine Bottles, Cups & Saucers, Tea Pot, Sugar Basin, Spoons, Cruets, Glasses & Tumblers, Fishing Apparatus, Tea, Sugar Salt &c. &c.—also a bag of Biscuits, a bale of Hams, a Keg of Butter &c. &c.

The provisions for the Crew were Pork & Biscuits: from which circumstance the young recruits are called "Pork Eaters" to distinguish them from the old Winterers, who feed chiefly on "Pemican," a mixture of Buffalo Meat, Tallow, and a due proportion of hairs (but whether the last ingredient is intended to keep the composition together or not, I cannot say) this is not the most delicate, but it is very substantial food, and more portable than any

Dr. Grace Lee Nute, research associate of the Minnesota Historical Society, is eminently qualified to write the introductions for this series of articles on Frances Simpson's odyssey. An accomplished canoeist herself, she is an authority on the Great Lakes-Lake of the Woods canoe route and the fur traders who lived and travelled along it. Her books include Lake Superior, Voyageurs' Highway, *and* Rainy River Country.

other, as it is closely packed in a bag made of Buffalo hide. There is also a keg of liquor (called the Dutchman) from which the people are drammed three or four times a day, according to the state of the Weather.

In this order we started, the voyageurs singing, and the Canoe almost flying thro' the water—the motion is perfectly easy, & in fine weather it is the most delightful mode of travelling that can be imagined.

At 9 O'clock we put ashore for Breakfast, above the Rapids of St. Ann—the water being too shallow for the Canoes to touch the bank, Mrs. McTavish & myself were carried in the arms, and the Gentlemen on the backs of our sturdy Canadians, which (as may be supposed) caused a hearty laugh both at, and to, such of the company as were novices.

Immediately upon landing, the Guide "Bernard" (an Indian) kindled a fire with his Flint & Steel, and a small piece of Bark & Touchwood, with which the "Fire Bag" is furnished: two or three men with hatchets, provided wood —3 poles tied together were placed over the fire, with a large kettle suspended from them by a chain—the cloth was laid on the grass, & spread with Cold Meat, Fowls, Ham, Eggs, Bread & Butter everyone sat down in the position found most convenient, and each made the most of the time afforded.

Mr. Simpson (after looking at his watch) gave the call of "Take away"—the breakfast party were on their feet in a moment, the things washed, packed, and the Canoe off again, within the 45 Minutes usually allowed for this Meal.

At 11 A.M. we landed at the beautiful Indian village of the "Lake of the Two Mountains," (where the Company have an Establishment under the charge of Mr. [Angus] Cameron) from whence, on approaching the shore, we were saluted with a discharge of Artillery, by the Chiefs of the Iroquay, Algonquin, and Nepisang tribes.*

The Indians decked out in all their finery of Ribbons, Beads, & Silver works, placed themselves in rows, on either side of the path leading to the house, and smiled, and appeared much pleased, when spoken to. The daughter of one of the principal Chiefs (a little Girl about 8 years of age) came forward, and saying a few words in her native language, presented me with a Bouquet of Cherry Blossom very prettily arranged, as a mark of friendly greeting.

We remained here about ½ an hour, during which time we paid a visit to the Catholic Priests, who appear to possess great influence over the minds of the people. They pressed us to stay Dinner with them, were very lively & communicative, and one in particular (a Frenchman) who had but lately arrived, wished it was in his power to accompany us to the Interior.

At 2 O'clock we put ashore, off the village of St. Andrews, when the seats were arranged so as to accommodate the whole party in our Canoe for dinner, which was nearly a repitition of our Morning's Meal, with the addition of Port & Madeira; and in honor of the Ladies a bottle of sparkling Champaign was uncorked, not very usual as may be supposed in Canoe travelling. . . . [We] travelled till 9 p.m. when we encamped, above the Chute of Blondeau. The Tents were immediately pitched, and supper prepared, soon after which, we retired to Bed, which consisted of our Cloaks, and a few Blankets laid upon the Ground.

3rd. Arose at 2 A.M. with aching bones, occasioned by the dampness, and hardness of my couch:—the people were roused by Mr. Simpson's well known call of "Lève Lève Lève," when they all started up, covered with their Blankets in which they wrap themselves, sleeping all weathers in the open air on the ground. The Canoes were then laden and we embarked at 3 O'clock.

Soon after daylight, we came to some heavy Rapids where we were obliged to land, and walk 7 Miles up the banks of the Grenville Canal, till we came to the small village of Grenville, where there is a detachment of Soldiers stationed. The Canoes here joined us, we then travelled till 9 O'clock, and breakfasted at "Point Orignal."

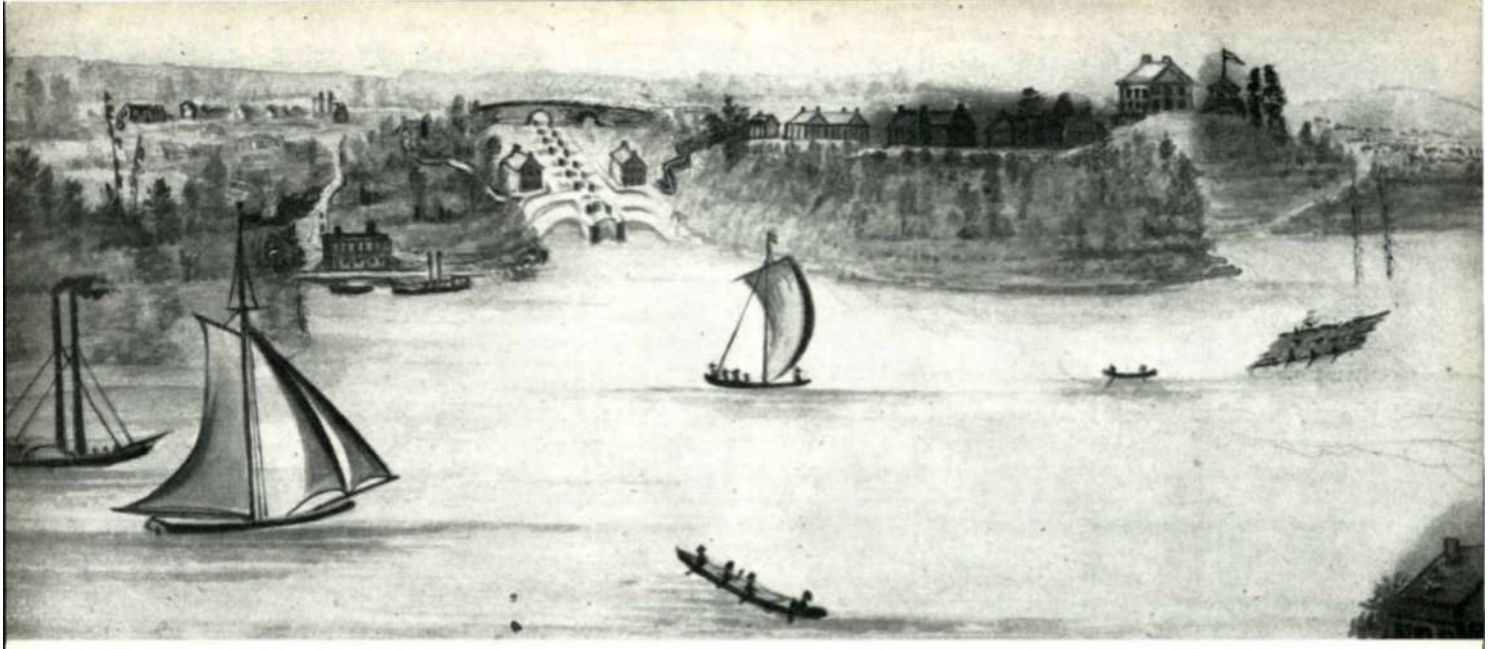
The Sun intensely hot to day and the water of the Grand, or Uttowas river as smooth as glass: the Country on either side a thick Forest; the trees near the edge of the Water low, & branching, chiefly Aspen: while those behind were Pine, straight as Arrows, and growing to an enormous height: every thing was calm & quiet, not a sound to be heard excepting the stroke of the paddle, and the clear, mellow voice of our principal vocalist Tomma Felix, singing "La Belle Rosier" and other sweet Voyageurs airs. Dined at 2 O'clock at Pappinoe [Papineau] Island, and travelled till 9 when we encamped at Riviere de Lièvres.

4th . . . Near this is situated the village of "Bytown," [now Ottawa] deriving its name from Colonel By of the Engineers, with whom Mr. Simpson is well acquainted. He laid the first stone here, and is the principal superintendent of the great Rideau Canal, which connects the St. Lawrence & the Uttowas Rivers: also the upper with the lower provinces of Canada. He was from home when we arrived, but we were very kindly received by Mrs. By, (a very agreeable & accomplished young Woman) who insisted upon our stopping to breakfast with her.

The house which stands in a good garden, overlooks one of the most beautiful spots I have seen in the Country: it commands an extensive view of the river, on the opposite

Obverse and reverse of George Simpson's Beaver Club medal. 1820 is the year when he first went into the Indian country. Courtesy of Mrs. Haddon.

*Iroquois, Algonkin and Nipissing. But the diarist's spelling of the first and last is closer to the actual sound of the words than ours.—Ed.



Bytown (now Ottawa) in 1832, showing the first eight locks of the Rideau Canal, and Col. By's house in the trees to the left of them, where the Chateau Laurier now stands. The hill on the right above the Ottawa River, where the officers' quarters and gazebo are seen, is now occupied by the Canadian Houses of Parliament. From a drawing by William Clegg in the Public Archives of Canada.

side of which, is the little Village of Hull. The Spires of three Churches are visible through the trees, several Bridges (one of which is very handsome) are thrown over the different channels of the River, formed by the Islands and projecting banks at the Falls; from the upper story are to be seen the fine & romantic Kettle [Chaudière] Falls, and beneath runs the Rideau Canal.

Mrs. By has resided here 4 years, and is to remain 2 more, until the works which are under the superintendence of the Colonel be completed; at the expiration of which time, they return to England. After taking leave of our kind hostess, we rode 9 miles in Carts (not of the most elegant nor easy construction) with Buffalo Skins thrown over the backs, & seats, which we could readily have dispensed with, as the day was intolerably warm, without the addition of Furs. The road was so rough that it required some exertion to keep our seats, as the carts were without springs, indeed on rattling over a "Stripe of Corduroy" here, we narrowly escaped cutting a Summerset over the horse's head, into a deep slough through which we plunged. . . . Travelled till 8 P.M. and encamped at the Company's Establishment of the "Chats" occupied by Mr. Thomas the Clerk in charge.

5th The Establishment at which we encamped last night, may be considered the boundary between the Civilized and Savage Worlds, as beyond this point, the country is uninhabited by Whites, except where a Trading Post of the Honble. Hudson's Bay Compy. occasionally presents itself.

At 3 A.M. the signal for starting was given, & in a few minutes after, the paddle kept time to the lively song. Our progress however, was soon interrupted by the Portage of the Chats Falls, which we passed before day light; altho' the path which lay across rocks & precipices, was very rugged, and intersected by a small Channel of the River over which I was carried in the arms of one of the men who waded thro' it, nearly breast-high.

At day-break the Sky became cloudy, with the appearance of bad weather, and soon afterwards, rain came on, and continued more or less heavy, until 8 P.M. at times in such torrents that we might have fancied we were under a Terrestrial, instead of a Celestial Waterfall: but in defiance of the elements we kept "en route," making several Portages in the course of the day, amounting in all to about 5 miles: thro' Mud & Water, over fallen trees, rocks, up hill & down:—in short such a disagreeable variety in the shape of a walk, I never before experienced.

At Sun set we encamped at the upper end of the Grand Calumet Portage. The Weather cleared up, immense fires were soon blazing cheerfully; a comfortable warm Supper was prepared, and by 10 O'clock there was such a Nasal Serenade set up in the Camp, as to drown the shrill notes of thousands of Bull-frogs, which were luxuriating in a swamp hard by.

6th We were in the Canoe before 2 this morning, but on pushing off from the Shore, discovered that one of our Crew was missing: a few shots were fired by way of signal, and the people re-landed in order to search for the Deserter, but to no purpose, as he had got clear off into the Woods, where it would be in vain to look for him, so we made a fresh start, his fellow labourers not best pleased at this detention and the additional work imposed upon them.

The morning was cold & disagreeable after the incessant rain of yesterday, but neither that, nor the fatigue of the forced march we were making, served to depress the Spirits of our voyageurs; who paddled, sung, laughed & joked, as if on an excursion of pleasure, until one of them who seemed to feel the force of a joke, which his neighbour indulged in, at his expense, returned it upon him in a still more forcible manner by a blow, which gave rise to a battle in the Canoe. Mr. Simpson was asleep at the time, but the noise awoke him, and put him into nearly as great a passion as the combatants, upon whom, be bestowed a

shower of blows with a paddle which lay at hand, and brought about an immediate cessation of hostilities.

At 9 A.M. got to Fort Co[u]longe, under the direction of Mr. S[i]everight, who received us very kindly, & with whom we breakfasted: the situation of the place is pretty, the house neat, comfortable, & well-furnished, and the whole arrangements of the Establishment, bore proof of the regular habits of its occupant. After breakfast, took leave of Mr. Severight, and had the honor for the first time, of shaking hands with an old Indian Lady who we saw here, and who gave me what I supposed to be her blessing, in a most discordant jargon.

. . . Towards Evening, got to another of the Company's Establishments at Lac des Allumettes, in charge of which was a curious, dapper little Man named Brown, Irish by his accent, full of drollery, and as busy as a Bee. We stopped here about ½ an hour, and then crossed the Lake altho' blowing very hard, and the Canoe shipping much water. At dusk got to the entrance of Riviere Cruse, where we put ashore, and pitched our Tents in the Woods: the Evening bitterly cold, with occasional hail Showers.

7th Some snow had fallen in the course of the night, and the morning was very cold: we left our encampment nevertheless, at 2 A.M. the Frost so severe, as to form a thick crust of Ice on the paddles, & sides of the Canoe. At 8 O'clock, got to the Joacinth [Joachim] Portage, about ¾ of a mile in length, at the upper end of which, we breakfasted: then crossed a small basin or Lake, and made another Portage of the same name, and about the same length: here, another of our crew deserted, and while searching for him, his example was followed by a third.

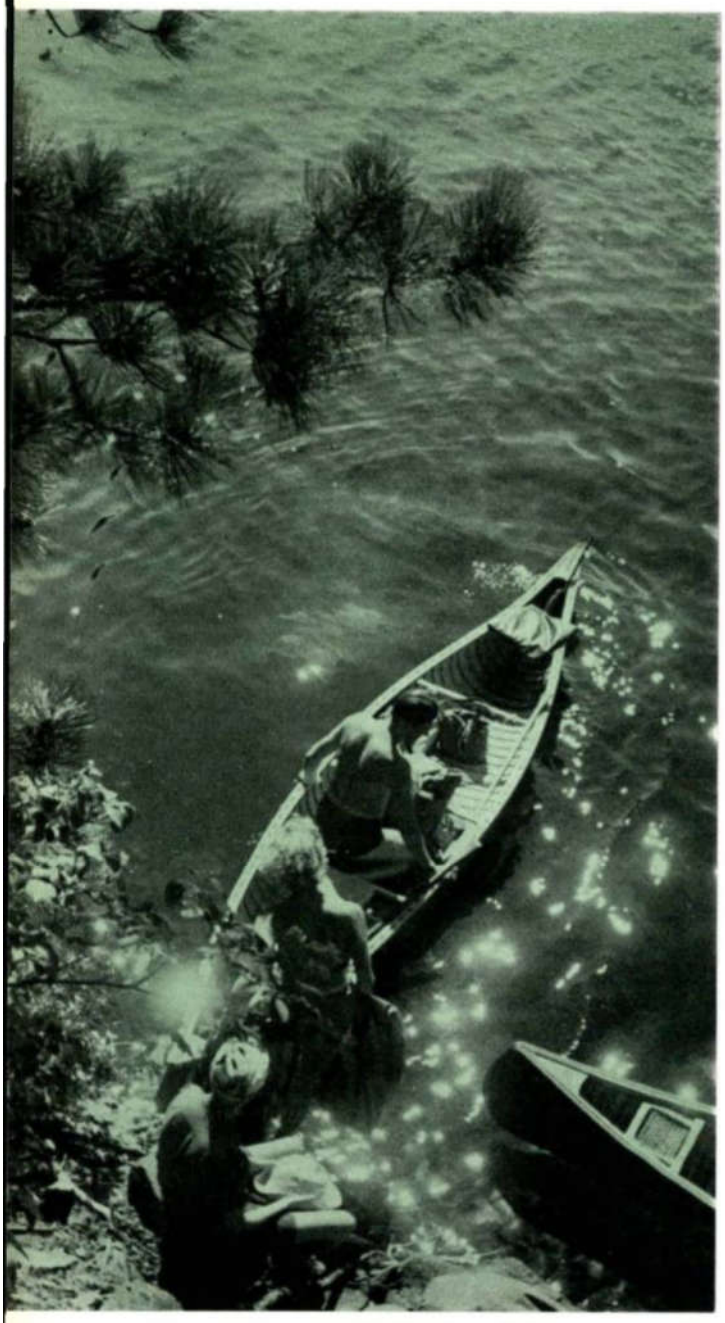
These runaways were young Recruits, who were never on the voyage before, and finding the labor greater than they expected, took French leave, which I learn is frequently done by them, but the old experienced voyageurs are all upon honor, & never desert. Precautions were here taken to secure these light-footed gentry, and with the assistance of an old Indian Woman & her children (whom we found on the Portage) got hold of them after a search of 4 or 5 hours. A Court Martial was held upon them, composed of the old voyageurs, the sentence of which, was a dozen lashes with their leather carrying straps: and in spite of their tears, and entreaties, would (I believe) have been carried into effect, had not Mrs. McTavish & Myself, called to their aid our most persuasive arguments, and obtained their pardon. This incident occasioned the loss of nearly half a day to us, and the Afternoon turned out so boisterous, that we were obliged to encamp early.

The Evening however became fine, which tempted us Ladies two, to take a stroll into the Woods; and without recollecting that there was no beaten track, wandered farther from the Encampment than was consistent with safety; as when the evening drew in, and reminded us that it was time to return, we became a little alarmed, and should have lost ourselves, had we not been directed back, by the reports of Guns which were fired as a signal for our return: had we not heard them, it is probable we should have remained out all night which would have been very awkward, as in our confusion we were taking an opposite direction to our own quarters.

9th Took our departure at 2 this Morning, and soon afterwards I fell into a sound sleep, but on awaking, about 6 O'clock, was surprised to find a stranger sitting by me, who was formally introduced as Chief Factor [Allan] McDonell of Timmiskamain. This gentleman it appeared had come down from his Establishment for the purpose of meeting Mr. Simpson by appointment, his encampment was discovered before day-light, and he took his seat in our Canoe, where he had been for several hours before I knew anything about it.

We left the Grand or Uttowas river at 7 O'clock, and entered a little river falling into it from the South, called the Matowa, on a Portage of which we breakfasted at 8. Made several Portages in the course of the forenoon, in this turbulent little river, and at 2 O'clock got to one called the "Talon" Portage, the most wild & romantic place I ever beheld: it reminded me of the description I have read (in some of Sir Walter Scott's beautiful tales) of Scottish Scenery. The approach to this Portage is truly picturesque: the river from being a considerable width, here branches into a variety of Channels, one of which we entered, so

A canoe being poled and tracked up the Chats rapid near Ottawa. From a water colour by Lt. P. J. Bainbrigge, R.E., at the Public Archives.



Mesdames Simpson and McTavish would be more than slightly amazed if they could see these modern "voyageuses" on the Mattawa River. North Bay Chamber of Commerce.

narrow as scarcely to leave a passage for the Canoe—on either side are stupendous rocks of the most fantastic forms: some bear the appearance of Gothic Castles, others exhibit rows of the most regular, and beautifully carved Corinthian Pillars: deep Caverns are formed in some; while others present a smooth level surface, crowned with tufts of Pines, and Cedars. From the upper end of the Portage is seen a beautiful Waterfall, which dashes over immense masses of rocks thro' which it had worn itself many a channel foaming & roaring to a considerable distance, the spray glittering in the Sun with all the varied hues of the Rainbow.

From thence, we passed thro' several small Lakes, crossed 2 Portages of $\frac{1}{2}$ a mile each, the last of which is the height of land, dividing the Waters that fall into Lake Huron, from those of the Uttowas, which afterwards unite at Montreal: the former taking a circuitous course through the great Lakes Erie & Ontario, and tumbling over the mighty falls of Niagara, into the St. Laurence.

10th . . . A sharp frost had set in last night, and the morning was exceedingly cold; so that we got from under our Cloaks in very bad humour, when the Guide roused us for the purpose of making the "Prairie la Vase" Portage, about a mile & a half in length.

The walking would have been bad in broad daylight, but the darkness of the morning rendered it almost impassable, as it partly lay thro' a Morass knee deep, and blocked up with Wind fallen Timber: we contrived however to wade, and scramble our way to the other end, where a fire was immediately lighted, for the purpose of warming ourselves, & drying our clothes. We then passed thro' a small muddy channel, (in the Canoe) which was terminated by another Portage even worse than the former, (altho' not exceeding $\frac{1}{2}$ a mile in length) as it was not only knee, but waist deep in parts.

To cross this, baffled the skill both of Mrs. McTavish & Myself (good walkers as we flattered ourselves to be) and accordingly after mature deliberation, it was agreed that each should be carried by a man chosen for the purpose. Tomma Felix took me up in his arms, & Nicholas Monique, an old Indian, volunteered his services in transporting my companion across the miry portion of road which lay before us. Tomma pushed on, despite of every difficulty making however many stumbles & false steps—but Nicholas' load being rather heavier, he absolutely came to a stand still, in the midst of a bog, and declared he could not take the Lady a step farther in his arms, but if she would get on his back, he thought he might accomplish the journey.

Mr. Simpson who was coming on after us, persuaded Mrs. McTavish (with some difficulty) as a last resource to do as Nicholas recommended, which she at length agreed to, and on the back of Nicholas accordingly mounted: the scene however was so ludicrous that the by-standers could not resist a laugh, in which Mrs. McTavish joined so heartily, that poor Nicholas was thrown off his equilibrium, stumbled forwards, fell on his face, and gave his unfortunate rider a summerset over his head, into the mud: throwing her into a situation the most awkward, and ridiculous that ever poor Lady, was placed in.

After extricating her with much difficulty, she was at length dragged to the end of the Portage, where we all washed & dried ourselves, and had Breakfast, after which we descended a small river, passed thro' Lake Nipisang, about 40 miles in length, then made a Portage, into the French River. ◆

The next instalment of Mrs. Simpson's diary will describe the canoe voyage from French River through Lakes Huron and Superior, and as far as the post on Rainy River later named Fort Frances in her honour.

Cover Picture

The picture on the cover of this *Beaver*, from a painting by J. S. Hallam, R.C.A., depicts the H B C sternwheeler *Distributor* taking American supplies for the Canol Project past Fort Norman in 1942. The big covered barge ahead of the steamer is one of the regular Company barges; the two smaller ones are U.S. Army barges built near Waterways, and carrying bulldozers and trucks. In the foreground are two Indians on one of the small, low islands of the wide Mackenzie, and beyond the *Distributor* is the huge bulk of Bear Rock which marks the mouth of the Great Bear River flowing in from Great Bear Lake.

It was late in May of 1942 when the U.S. War Department asked the Hudson's Bay Company if it could handle the shipping of 30,000 tons of freight from the railhead at Waterways, Alberta, to Norman Wells beyond Fort Norman—all before freeze-up. The freight—consisting of road-making and earth-moving equipment, trucks, jeeps, etc., as well as hundreds of miles of four-inch pipe—was destined for the Canol Project, whereby oil from the Wells was to be pipelined over the mountains to Whitehorse on the Yukon.

The Company already had a full season of shipping planned for its steamers and motor vessels on the Athabasca, Slave, and Mackenzie Rivers, but owing to the urgency of the Canol Project it was given top priority. The United States Army and civilian contractors sent north hundreds of civilian workers and troops to transport the pipe, to build barges, roads, and camps, and to lay the pipe, and all this personnel and all the freight had to be taken down river during the short northern summer. As the Company's transport department provided the only means of handling large shipments, it had to carry the greatest share. That first hectic summer, using four sternwheel steamers, eight diesel tugs, twenty-eight barges, and two refrigerator barges—as well as plenty of Canol barges—it shipped over half the freight from Waterways to Fort Fitzgerald, and over 60 percent from Fort Smith to Norman Wells. It was a rush job, tackled with determination and enthusiasm. There may be tragedy in the fact that this vast effort went for nothing—for the Canol pipeline was never necessary. But there would have been much more tragedy if it had been.

Another fact which some will regard as tragedy, of a minor sort, is that the old sternwheelers have now almost vanished from the great waterways of the North. And the famous *Distributor* will never again go puffing up and down the wide Mackenzie.

Award

Patrick D. Baird, director of the Montreal office of the Arctic Institute of North America, has lately been honoured by the Queen. Her Majesty has approved the award of the Royal Geographical Society's Founder's Medal to him for his explorations in the Canadian Arctic. Colonel Baird's most recent expeditions have been to Baffin Island in 1950 and 1953. *Beaver* readers will remember him as the compiler of those three highly useful articles on Canadian Arctic expeditions in the issues of March, June, and September 1949.

Stars at Jasper

Bing Crosby and Joan Fontaine started the fashion in 1946 when they went to Jasper Park for the filming of certain scenes in *Emperor Waltz*. Quite a time elapsed before any other movie stars followed in their footsteps; but suddenly this year Jasper was swamped by an invasion from Hollywood. Between June and October, three major companies from the American film capital descended on the famous park in the Canadian Rockies and started shooting.

First there was the company from M.-G.-M., bent on filming yet another version of the colourful "Mountie" musical, *Rose Marie*. Then the blonde that gentlemen prefer, Marilyn Monroe, appeared with Robert Mitchum and a horde of behind-the-scenes operators to shoot the outdoor sequences for 20th Century-Fox's *River of No*

Return. And lastly, Universal-International sent James Stewart, Walter Brennan, Corinne Calvet, and Ruth Roman with a large body of retainers to film *The Far Country*. A fourth company, on location for *The Human Beast* starring Rita Hayworth, was to have followed suit, but the shooting has been postponed for the present.

What will come out of all this he-man, she-woman Drama in the Great Outdoors remains to be seen; but we have a hunch it will all turn out to be rather Hollywoodsy, if not James Oliver Curwoodsy. If the ghost of Jasper Hawes (formerly of Jasper House) was looking on from behind one of the artificial trees, he must have wondered what the heck everyone was trying to do.

Photos for Life

"Life" magazine is looking for first class photographs of the tundra to illustrate a forthcoming article in their spectacular *World We Live In* series. They want pictures in colour as well as black-and-white, and any reader of these lines who thinks he has tundra photos of "Life" quality should consider sending them to James Goode, c o "Life," Time and Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York City. The remuneration for published pictures will be at the rate of $300 for each colour page and $150 per black-and-white page. One special point should be noted, however: no people or their habitations should appear in the pictures—just the tundra and its non-human inhabitants, both faunal and floral.

Ah Wilderness!

Bruce Hutchison's spoofing of the city dwellers who try to get back to the simplicity of the wilderness reminds us that quite a lot of them have had a great deal of success in doing so along the Minnesota-Ontario border. Not only do they enjoy the blessings of non-civilization in that area; they have gone farther and kept out the annoyances of what other people suppose to be progress.

Four years ago the President of the United States signed an executive order creating an air space reservation over the roadless area of the Superior National Forest (*Beaver*, March 1950). No plane was allowed to fly in this region at a height of less than 4,000 feet. That, however, is the kind of order it is difficult to enforce without resorting to ack-ack or fighter planes, and so some resort owners and pilots paid little attention to it. Their violations began in 1951 and continued into this past summer, despite decisions in a Federal District court and a Circuit Court of Appeals upholding the validity of the order. Last July a resort operator was fined $2,500 and one of his pilots $500 for violating the decree, and three of his planes were seized to ensure payment of the fines. The matter was then taken to the Supreme Court of the United States; but that authority upheld the previous decisions, and the trespassers have therefore no further legal recourse.

The seizure of the planes meant that a number of tourists were stranded in resorts they serviced, and were obliged to make their way out by other and more primitive means. Some actually had to come out by canoe and portage—which must have been really tough.

So the wilderness character of the Quetico-Superior region will be preserved for those who want to get away from the clamour of cities for a spell. The recent measures taken to ensure this, as the President's Committee for that area point out, are "completely in line with government policy and planning over many years for the protection of the area by banning roads and other means of mechanical ingress and egress. The conservationists throughout the United States championed this move and look upon its outcome with great favour because the principles involved will ultimately have counterparts in other programs elsewhere."

In Canada, for instance?

Old Wives Tale

In the last eighty years the people who decide on geographical names have been kept pretty busy giving them to unnamed mountains and lakes and rivers in Western Canada, as well as to new settlements and railway whistle-stops. Often the places under consideration already have Indian names, but because they are considered too difficult to pronounce, they are changed to something awful like Jonesville or Brownsburg. Very little imagination has been shown, in fact, by people who give their own names or names of friends to certain localities, and it is refreshing to find a modern trend towards getting the old names back. In Saskatchewan, for instance, Johnstone Lake, so named by an H B C officer for a British knight who visited him in 1866, is to have its former name restored—Old Wives Lake. The name refers to a Cree legend about some women who gave their lives to save the rest of their band from annihilation by the Blackfeet. Even if the legend were not true, it would still be a much better name than the banal "Johnstone Lake." In these matters, newer Canada would do well to study the most picturesque place names in the Dominion—those of Newfoundland.

Reminder

This is just a short note, gently pointing out to all gentle readers who are not aware of it, that the price of this magazine is now $2.00 a year and 50 cents a copy. Readers' reactions to the announcement of the price rise carried at the front of the September *Beaver* have generally been of an approving nature, taking the view that it's high time the change was made. This issue, you will notice, is eight pages longer than the average of the last few years.

NORTHERN BOOKS

THE WIND AND THE CARIBOU by Erik Munsterhjelm. Macmillan's, Toronto and New York. 1953. 234 pages.

Reviewed by R. M. Patterson.

EVERY so often one feels the need of an antidote to the never-ending stream of books on the North by summer visitors, dude hunters, and exponents of that much overworked journalistic stunt—man and wife against the wilderness. Mr. Munsterhjelm has given us exactly that antidote, and his tale of a professional trapper's life and work towards the edge of the timber, north and east of Lake Athabasca, cuts into the pseudo-northern literary jungle like a clean wind straight from the Barrens.

The Wind and the Caribou is the straightforward, pleasantly told story of Mr. Munsterhjelm's years in the Lake Athabasca country, starting as a greenhorn, with a partner, and winding up alone. He learns his trade from the advice of old-timers and Indians, but more often the hard way—by trial and error—bringing in many a story against himself. That the beauty and the romance of the North were keenly appreciated by the author is evident, and yet the life of trapline, Indian camp and trading post is described in full detail and vividly, from the toil and danger of the trail to the celebrations and festivities of "town"—Stony Rapids—in the trappers' holiday seasons.

This is no book for the sentimentalist: Mr. Munsterhjelm was, for example, obviously fond of his dogs and fed and looked after them well, but if a dog transgressed he got the licking that was coming to him and no bones made about it. And a wolf to the author was no singer of love songs by the light of the moon: he was a destroyer—often a wanton destroyer—of caribou, and the wearer of a pelt that was, at that time, valuable.

Here on the subject of wolves (pp. 205-7), Mr. Munsterhjelm frankly states his opinions and so enters into the arena of controversy, declaring himself in favour of an increased bounty on wolf pelts and against the "balance of Nature" school of thought. He will find many supporters, for the balance of nature has long since faded over the horizon and the caribou now has to face not only his natural enemies but also the modern rifle, the increased mobility of hunters afforded by the plane, and, as the author says, the depredations of unscrupulous mining companies and other agencies.

A book as good as this one deserves a better and more detailed map than the small scale affair at the end of the volume, which includes Detroit, Spokane and Dawson City, but which misplaces Stony Rapids, the hub of the story, to the north-east of Wollaston Lake and over one hundred miles from its correct position. A large-scale map of northern Saskatchewan would have been more to the point.

Mr. Patterson, author of two articles in the Beaver *on the Nahanni country and of a forthcoming book on the same subject, is an intermittent but experienced northerner.*

Your reviewer would like to disagree with Mr. Munsterhjelm on the subject of beaver tail (p. 42). Beaver tail, to a man hungry for fat, can be a delicacy, but it should be roasted or grilled and not made into a soup which, no doubt, is just as revolting as Mr. Munsterhjelm's description would imply. And beaver stew, well seasoned if possible, can be palatable: it was certainly an item on the menu of Samuel Black's party during his exploration of the Finlay River in 1824—hunger, on that occasion, being the sauce. Incidentally it was after the explorer of the Finlay that the Black River and Black Lake, which play so large a part in this book, were named.

This is a book that has the ring of truth to it, all the way from the tangled mazes of the Athabasca Delta to the lonely cabin by the narrows of Ena Lake, set on the point of the tall pines.

THIS IS SASKATCHEWAN—by Robert Moon, Ryerson Press, Toronto, 1953. 238 pages.

Reviewed by Marjorie Wilkins Campbell

AS Robert Moon says of the Qu'Appelle Valley, it is quite impossible for me to comment on Saskatchewan or a book about Saskatchewan "with even a distant degree of objectivity. Any impartiality I might have is obscured by the emotion of a love which began at first sight, as they say, when I was a stripling and which deepened with the years and the many times I have gone back."

But one of the chief characteristics of love—whether for a vast province or a person—is that you don't have to wallow in monotonous admiration. Robert Moon tells the story of his native province with an engaging "with-all-her-faults-she-is-my-country-still" attitude. Burning copper skies and 60 below zero weather, wide horizons and fortunes made in wheat and ore and fish—this is Saskatchewan. The book provides a wealth of information never before gathered together.

It wasn't an easy assignment. For the province of Saskatchewan, like most Canadian provinces east of the Maritimes, has little homogeneity of history, ethnic background, politics or geography. There are no centuries of civilization familiar to millions of readers such as H. V. Morton could call on for his books about the United Kingdom, Europe or the Near East—indeed, most of the way the writer here had the double chore of introducing his terrain and its people and telling their story. Though the first small party of white men visited the Forks of the

Mrs. Campbell is the author of The Saskatchewan, *which won the Governor-General's prize for non-fiction. Saskatchewan born, she now lives in Toronto.*

Saskatchewan River near Prince Albert in 1749, the province was constituted only in 1905. From the book's end paper map, it is obvious that most of its roads are highways to somewhere else, Manitoba or Alberta, Montana or North Dakota. Yet Saskatchewan has a personality. There is a homogeneity of spirit.

It is this spirit which Robert Moon has captured, a little brash, perhaps, and new, but gallant and alive. It is the quality which, inevitably, gives the book its coherence. You feel it with him when you read that "no man, however insensitive, can walk upon it (the earth of Saskatchewan) and not at the same time feel its greatness . . . sensing that here . . . is something of universality, of immemorial time." It is here in Wascana Lake, developed by Reginans from a sluggish creek to reflect the capital's handsome legislative buildings; in Father Athol Murray's shack-housed Notre Dame College at Wilcox with its amazingly fine library; in the University of Saskatoon where faculties of arts and agriculture started together.

That spirit burns in wholesome local pride over many facts: the world's greatest wheat collecting organization, the Saskatchewan Wheat Pool shipping a minimum of 150,000,000 bushels a year was developed out of the trials and errors of the province's grain growers; one of Canada's chief sources of uranium ore is near Lake Athabasca; $40,000,000 in copper, zinc, iron and other ores is mined annually at Flin Flon, just across the Manitoba border, though like that from Athabasca the wealth of the Canadian Shield is shipped out through Alberta and Manitoba.

As native-born Lieutenant-Governor, the Hon. W. J. Patterson writes in a foreword, there are few books about the province. It was asking too much of any writer, even a competent, native-born newspaperman to tell the entire story. But even allowing for inevitable omissions, and points one might argue amiably, to a Saskatchewan ex-patriate, indeed *This Is Saskatchewan*.

NORTHERN EXPOSURES, Canada's backwoods and barrens pictured in monochrome and color, by Richard Harrington. Text and arrangement by Clifford Wilson. Thos. Nelson & Sons, Toronto, and Henry Schuman, Inc., New York, 1953.

Reviewed by C. G. Nickels

PHOTOGRAPHER Richard Harrington has done it again. His new book *Northern Exposures* is more selective than his ambitious 370-page *Face of the Arctic*, and is the better for it. The broad subject of the North should be treated in short "takes."

Where Harrington's first book seems hastily edited, *Northern Exposures*' text and picture captions have been meticulously written. The North dealt with in this book has been broken down neatly into five geographical sections travelled and lived in by the photographer including one area shared by the writer as well.

The first section deals with the "Land of the Chipewyans," that treeline-barren fringe of Northern Manitoba where the natives are said to be the most primitive in Canada. Richard Harrington found it difficult to make friends with the Chips but we can judge that he did his best when he ". . . entered a tent and was offered a cup of tea, the cup being especially cleaned for me. First, the old leaves were picked out with the fingers, then a rag rubbed round and with a little spit a nice polish applied."

He finally admits, at the end of his six-weeks stay, that he has become attached to the natives. If his social headway was frustrated he must have been fully gratified when his negatives were processed; his snowscapes are the most dramatic in the book.

The starkness of the first section is toned down by the next, "By Paddle and Portage"—the picturesque English River area of Northwestern Ontario. Here are typical scenes of the Pre-Cambrian holiday country, not cottage-crowded as we know it on its southern perimeter, but of the quiet wilderness that we dream about: Painted rocks. Spruce and pines. Shining lakes linked by fast-water rapids and quiet portages. The campfire, tea-pail, tent and sleeping bag-setting of a perfect holiday. Memories of the old Lakehead-Winnipeg fur route are here for the conjuring, too.

"Dog Sled Journey," part three, is a travel documentary of the Western Arctic from Coppermine to Bathurst Inlet. Nine superb pictures are hardly enough to tell of this whole grim journey, but these have presumably been chosen for their story-telling as well as their pictorial qualities.

Accompanied by his author-wife, Lyn, Harrington drove along the North West Highway System in 1949 to Fairbanks, Alaska, back to Haines and shipped south to Vancouver. Photos in this, the fourth section, are chiefly of a side trip from Fort St. John to Finlay Forks and return. Some strong faces of natives and whites in this section and scenics of Kluane Lake and Yukon Country are especially good.

Like leaving the cake icing till last, in "On Hudson Bay," one seems to savour it longer, and come back to this section again after laying the book aside. Following a quick air trip from Moose Factory to Port Harrison, P.Q., Richard Harrington came back the hard way five hundred miles over sea ice. His Eskimo char fishermen, seal shooters and outdoor portraits are tops.

There are two points of criticism: the colour photo of two men fishing on the dust jacket is not typical of the North as many know it and the rest expect it to look like. "The Old Mischief," page 99, is my choice for this spot, the best photo—and most provocative.

And Harrington's own picture in the Foreword tells us nothing of the man. By his steady stream of rugged travels, excellent photos and clever writings we can draw our own conclusions. But let us see him in a good character photo and verify this judgment.

In the meantime, it is hoped the new type of Harrington book will be the forerunner of other volumes in the same style.

Mr. Nickels of the Peterborough Examiner *has done some extensive travelling in the North and is a photographer in his own right. One of his winter studies was chosen by Nicholas Morant as the best still life photograph in* The New North in Pictures.

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